THE SCHOOL FOR HONOR;

OR,

THE CHANCE OF WAR.

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

LESSING.

LONDON:
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(Price Two Shillings and Six Pence.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAJOR TELLHEIM, *a disbanded Officer, with one Arm in a Sling.*

LADY LOUISA BARNHELM.

EARL OF BARNHELM, *her Uncle.*

FRANCISCA, *her Maid.*

TRIM, *the Major's Servant.*

PAUL WARNER, *the Major's former Quarter-master, a thorough-bred Soldier.*

SHARK, *an Innkeeper.*

MRS. SHADLEY.

A CHASSEUR.

RICCAUT DE LA MARLINIERE.

TRYALL, *Lady Louisa's Servant*

The Scene is alternately in a Parlour of the Inn, and an adjoining Apartment.

THE

SCHOOL FOR HONOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

TRIM,

Lying upon two chairs, and talking in his ſleep.

THOU raſcally landlord!—Bravo! comrade; lay it on—Never ſpare him.—[*Trim's exertion wakes him.*]—What, again! I cannot cloſe an eye without thinking of the brute. Would he had but half of the blows. But, ſee; it is broad daylight. I muſt now find my poor maſter. Had I my mind, he never ſhould ſet foot again in this curſed houſe. Where can he have paſſed the night?

SCENE II.

SHARK, TRIM.

Shark. Good morrow, Mr. Trim; good morrow. What up ſo early? or ſhould I not rather ſay, up ſo late?

Trim. Thou mayeſt ſay what thou wilſt.

Shark. I ſay nothing but good morrow; and ſurely that merits Mr. Trim's thanks!

Trim. Thanks!

Shark. Want of ſleep makes one peeviſh. I would ſwear, his Honor, the Major, did not return home laſt night, and his ever faithful Trim has remained here watching for him.

Trim. The varlet divines every thing.

Shark. I conceive—I conceive.

Trim. Your ſervant.—[*Turning his back, and going.*]

Shark. [*Stopping him.*]—Not ſo, Mr. Trim.

Trim. Mighty well. Why, then—not your ſervant.

Shark. Why, Mr. Trim, I hope yeſterday's anger is ſlept away. Who would keep his choler all night?

Trim. I will, to night, and every night.

Shark. Is that like a Chriſtian?

Trim. More Chriſtian-like, than the turning a brave, unfortunate gentleman out of doors, becauſe he cannot pay on demand.

Shark. Fye! who could be ſo wicked!

Trim. A Chriſtian innkeeper.—My maſter! Such a man! Such an officer!

Shark. What! I turn the Major out of my houſe! Thruſt him into the ſtreet! Impoſſible! I have too much reſpect for an officer, and a great deal too much pity for a diſbanded one, to do ſuch a meanneſs. Through neceſſity, I prepared him another apartment; that was all. Prithee, think no more about it. Ho! waiter: bring a glaſs. A drop of ſomething good will be of ſervice to my good friend Trim.

Trim. Give yourſelf no trouble, landlord. May each drop turn to poiſon if I—But I won't ſwear: I am as yet faſting.

Shark.

Shark. [*The waiter brings him a flaſk and glaſs.*]—Now, Mr. Trim, ſomething excellent, ſtrong, palatable, healthy.—[*He fills Trim a glaſs.*]—A fine reſtorative for an over watch'd ſtomach!

Trim. I am almoſt afraid!—Yet, why ſhould my ſtomach ſuffer for his baſeneſs? [*He drinks.*]

Shark. Much good may it do you, Mr. Trim.

Trim. [*Returning the glaſs.*]—Not amiſs.—But, mine hoſt, thou art, however, a brute.

Shark. Not ſo: not ſo.—Preſto!—another glaſs. 'Tis not good ſtanding on one leg.

Trim. [*After drinking.*]—I muſt own it is good, very good. Home made, mine hoſt?

Shark. By no means: genuine Dantzic, pure double diſtill'd.

Trim. Do'ſt ſee, landlord, were I an hypocrite, this would be worth diſſembling for; but I neither will, nor can, flatter: it muſt out. Thou art ſtill a brute, landlord.

Shark. I never was thus abuſed in my life. Another, Mr. Trim. Come, one more: three is a fortunate number.

Trim. With all my heart.—[*He drinks.*]—Good, ſpecial good, indeed. But truth is better. Landlord, thou art yet a brute.

Shark. If I were, ſhould I thus patiently endure to hear myſelf called ſo?

Trim. O, yes; for a brute has ſeldom ſpirit.

Shark. A finiſhing ſtroke, Mr. Trim: a fourfold knot holds the faſteſt.

Trim. No: too much is too much; and you would be never the better for it, landlord: for to the laſt drop I ſhould ſtand to my words. Fye! landlord, fye! Such good Dantzic, and ſo bad a heart!—A gentleman, like my maſter,

who has lodged with you months and years; from whom you have gain'd ſo many pounds; who till this moment never owed you a ſingle farthing; becauſe he now ſpends leſs, and is indebted to you for a month's lodging, to deprive him, in his abſence, of his apartments. Fye upon it!

Shark. But the rooms were ſo urgently wanted. Beſides, I know the Major would voluntarily have reſigned them, could we have waited his return. The other inns are full; and his politeneſs would not have ſuffered a young, beautiful, amiable lady to have wanted a lodging: and, after all, he loſes nothing by it; for have I not prepared him another apartment?

Trim. Yes, behind the pigeon-loft; with the proſpect between the neighbours' fire-walls.

Shark. The proſpect was, however, very pretty, before the curſed walls were built: But the room is otherwiſe neat, and tapeſtried.

Trim. Has been.

Shark. Not ſo: one ſide is ſtill entire; and your chamber, Mr. Trim, impartially ſpeaking, is a pretty chamber: it has a chimney, which, though it ſmokes a little in winter——

Trim. Is in ſummer quite clear.—Hark you, Sir; I begin to believe you are making a joke of us!

Shark. No, indeed, Mr. Trim; indeed, I am not.

Trim. Do not heat my brain, or, by——

Shark. I heat your brain! It is the Dantziger does it.

Trim. An officer like my maſter! Or doſt ſuppoſe a diſbanded officer is not ſtill an officer, that can break thy head? Why were you landlords in war-time ſo humble and obliging? Why was

was then each officer an honorable gentleman, and each ſoldier an honeſt brave fellow? What! does this bit of peace make you already ſo ſaucy?

Shark. What enrages you thus, Mr. Trim?

Trim. I will be enraged.

SCENE III.

Tellheim, Shark, Trim.

Tellheim. [*Entering.*]—Trim.

Trim. [*Thinking Shark ſpoke.*]—What, ſo familiar? Trim!—Methinks with him I ſhould be Mr. Trim.

Shark. [*Perceiving the Major.*]—Hiſt! Hiſt! Mr. Trim! Mr. Trim! do'nt you ſee your maſter?

Tell. I heard thee quarrelling! What were my orders?

Shark. O, your Honor!—Quarrelling!—No, God forbid.—Your moſt devoted ſlave would not preſume to diſpute with any one who enjoys the bleſſing of belonging to you.

Trim. O, for a cat of nine tails.

Shark. It is true, Mr. Trim took his maſter's part rather warmly; but he does right. I eſteem him, I like him the better for it.

Trim. Would I could beat his teeth out.

Shark. Only it is a pity he ſhould vex himſelf without reaſon; for I am aſſur'd I have not incurr'd your Honor's ill will, becauſe neceſſity——

Tell. Too much, Sir.—I am indebted to you. Since my abſence you have diſlodged me.—You muſt be paid. I muſt endeavour to provide for myſelf elſewhere.—All very natural.

Shark.

Shark. Elſewhere! Your Honor will remove? Unhappy, miſerable wretch, that I am! By no means: Sooner ſhall the lady ſeek other quarters. The apartment is your's: She muſt remove: It cannot be helped.—I go, your Honor.

Tell. No, friend: not two follies inſtead of one. The lady muſt remain in poſſeſſion of the apartment.

Shark. Why, your Honor does not think me influenced by mercenary motives, as if I knew not your Honor could pay me when you pleaſed. The ſealed bag, mark'd with five hundred dollars, which your Honor kept in the bureau, is in perfect ſafety.

Tell. I hope that and all my other things are ſafe. You may deliver them to Trim when he diſcharges the bill. And now I wiſh to be left with my ſervant.

Shark. But your Honor——

Tell. Come, Trim. The gentleman will not permit me to give you my directions in his houſe.

Shark. I am gone, your Honor. My whole houſe is at your diſpoſal.

SCENE IV.

TELLHEIM, TRIM.

Trim. [*Who ſtamps and ſneers at Shark.*] Fye!

Tell. What's the matter?

Trim. I ſhall burſt with anger.

Tell. Thou meaneſt to ſay with a plethory.

Trim. And you: I no longer know you, Sir. May I die if you be not the guardian angel of this hypocritical, hard-hearted raſcal?

Tell.

Tell. Animal!

Trim. Better an animal than ſuch a fellow.

Tell. But what's thy meaning?

Trim. I would have you feel how cunningly he affronts you.

Tell. And then?

Trim. That you ſhould revenge yourſelf. But, no: the raſcal is too pitiful.

Tell. O, thou wouldſt have me make thee my avenger! That was at firſt my intention. He ſhould have ſeen me no more; but received his money from thy hands. I know thou canſt jerk away a handful of dollars with the utmoſt indifference.

Trim. So; a ſpecial revenge!

Tell. Which we muſt, however, defer. I have no longer any ready money, nor know not how to raiſe a doit.

Trim. No ready money! What purſe, then, is that with a hundred dollars, found by the landlord in your bureau?

Tell. That is in truſt, confided to my care.

Trim. You do not mean the money your old quarter-maſter brought you five or ſix weeks ago?

Tell. The ſame; from Paul Warner. Why not?

Trim. What! have you not yet made uſe of this caſh? It is at your Honor's diſpoſal: I will be reſponſible.

Tell. Indeed!

Trim. I told Warner how ſhamefully you were wrong'd in your demands on the treaſury-board. He heard——

Tell. That I was, or certainly ſhould be, a beggar! I thank thee. And this intelligence

induc'd

induc'd Warner to ſhare his modicum with me. I am glad I know it.—Hark thee, Trim; let me have thy bill.—We muſt part.

Trim. How!—What!—

Tell. Not a word more. Somebody is coming.

SCENE V.

Mrs. SHADLEY, TELLHEIM, TRIM.

Mrs. *Shadley.* You will excuſe this intruſion, Sir?

Tell. For whom are you enquiring, Madam?

Mrs. *Shad.* For the worthy man to whom I have now the honor of addreſſing myſelf. You do not recollect me. I am the widow of your former lieutenant.

Tell. Good God, Madam, what an alteration!

Mrs. *Shad.* I am juſt recover'd from a long illneſs, occaſion'd by my huſband's death, and muſt very ſoon impoſe upon your goodneſs, Major. I am now travelling to the houſe of a kind, but not fortune-favor'd, friend, who, from the firſt, offer'd me a retreat.

Tell. [*To Trim.*]—Leave us.

SCENE VI.

Major TELLHEIM, Mrs. SHADLEY.

Tell. Speak freely, my worthy lady. With me you need not bluſh at your misfortune. Can I aſſiſt you?

Mrs. *Shad.* Major!

Tell.

Tell. I pity you, my dearest Madam. How can I serve you? Your husband was my friend. My friend, said I? I was always sparing of that title.

Mrs. *Shad.* My Shadley's last thought was of you. His dying words would have expir'd with your name, had not more powerful nature exacted this pre-eminence for his unhappy son, his wretched wife.

Tell. No more, Madam; no more. I would willingly weep with you; but I have no tears to day. Spare me. You find me in a moment when I could be easily tempted to murmur against Providence. O, my brave, honest Shadley!—But what are your commands, my good lady? If I be still able to serve you. If I be—

Mrs. *Shad.* I dare not depart without fulfilling his last desire. Just before his decease, he recollected being your debtor, and entreated me to discharge the sum the first opportunity. I have sold his military equipage, and am come to cancel his note.

Tell. How, Madam! for this purpose are you come?

Mrs. *Shad.* Even so. Permit me to pay you.

Tell. No, Madam. Shadley indebted to me! It cannot be! However, let me examine.—[*Looking into his pocket-book.*]—I cannot find any note.

Mrs. *Shad.* You have mislaid it; and the writing is very immaterial.—Give me leave—

Tell. No, Madam; I am not accustomed to be thus neglectful. As the note cannot be found, it is a proof I never had any, or that it has been long since redeemed.

Mrs. *Shad.* Major!

Tell. Moſt aſſuredly, Madam, Shadley did not die my debtor. Neither can I remember his ever being my debtor: on the contrary, he has rather left me indebted to him. I was never able to make ſatisfaction to the man who ſhared with me ſix years honor and danger, proſperity and adverſity. I ſhall not forget he has left a ſon: he ſhall become my ſon, whenever I am able to be his father. But the confuſed ſituation in which I now am —

Mrs. *Shad.* Noble minded man! But think not thus meanly of me: Take the money, Major; it will make me eaſier.

Tell. What ſtronger ſecurity can you have than my word, that I had no claim on your huſband? Or would you have me defraud my Shadley's infant orphan? Defraud, Madam; for that would be its proper conſtruction. It is his property; and for him do you preſerve it.

Mrs. *Shad.* I underſtand you. Pardon me, if I be as yet ignorant how to accept liberality like this. But whence ſhould you know that a fond mother ſubmits to do more for a child than for the preſervation of her own life? I take my leave.

Tell. Farewell, Madam; farewell. I muſt beg another moment's delay: the moſt important buſineſs had almoſt eſcap'd me. Shadley has a demand upon the paymaſter: his and my claims are equally clear and honeſt. If mine be diſcharged, his muſt likewiſe be paid; for which I am your guarantee.

Mrs. *Shad.* O, Sir! I cannot ſpeak my gratitude. Thus to prepare future kindneſſes, in the eye of Heaven is already to have conferred them. Receive from thence your reward; and accept my tears. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

TELLHEIM.

Tellheim. Poor, excellent woman! Let me deſtroy this beggary :—[*tearing the note:*]—for elſe, who knows but my own neceſſities might ſeduce me to uſe it?

SCENE VIII.

TELLHEIM, TRIM

Tell. Art thou there?

Trim. [*Wiping his eyes.*]—Yes.

Tell. Thou haſt been whining.

Trim. I made out my bill in the kitchen, which is full of ſmoke. Here it is, your Honor.

Tell. Give it me.

Trim. Have pity upon me, Sir. I well know mankind have none with you. But——

Tell. What wouldſt thou?

Trim. I ſhould ſooner have expected death, than my diſcharge.

Tell. I am no longer able to employ thee. I muſt learn to live without ſervants.—[*He opens the bill.*]—" His Honor, the Major, indebted to Trim, three months and a half wages, at four dollars the month, make fourteen dollars. Diſburſed for ſundries, two dollars. Sum total, ſixteen dollars."—Good: and it is but juſt that I ſhould pay thee for this whole month.

Trim. The other ſide, your Honor.

Tell. What, more! "Trim Debtor to the Major. Paid the regimental ſurgeon for me, twenty-five dollars. For attendance and nurſing during my cure, thirty-nine dollars. Advanced to my plundered father (excluſive of the two booty horſes he gave him) fifty dollars. Sum total, one hundred and fourteen dollars. To deduct the former ſixteen dollars, Trim remains Debtor to the Major, ninety-eight dollars."—Thou art mad!

Trim. I believe I owe you much more, but it would be only waſting ink to add it. I cannot pay you the actual overplus; and I had rather have rotted in the hoſpital than quit your ſervice.

Tell. Thou oweſt me nothing; and I will recommend thee to an acquaintance, with whom thou wilt live better than with me.

Trim. I owe you nothing, and yet you will diſcharge me!

Tell. Becauſe I will not owe thee any thing.

Trim. Only for that reaſon. Nothing elſe! So true as I am indebted to you, and you are not indebted to me, I will not leave you. Your Honor may do what you pleaſe, I muſt, and I will, remain with you.

Tell. And thy obſtinacy, thy inſolence, thy wild haſty impertinence towards all thoſe whom thou conceiveſt have offended thee; thy revengeful, thy malicious temper——

Trim. Make me as bad as you pleaſe, I will not think worſe of myſelf than of my dog. Laſt winter, walking one evening by a canal, I heard ſomething moan: I directed my hand towards the ſound, thinking to reſcue a child; but I drag'd a ſpaniel from the water. The animal

mal follow'd me; but I am no lover of dogs. I drove the creature from me; but it was all in vain; he would ſtay on the threſhold. When he came too near, I kick'd him: he whined, look'd at me, and wag'd his tail. I have not as yet given him a morſel; and yet I am the only one whom the animal attends to and obeys. He fawns upon me, and of his own accord plays a thouſand tricks. It is an ugly cur, but a rare dog. If he continue thus, I muſt leave off beating him.

Tell. [*Apart.*]—Thus ſituated are he and me. No! man cannot be a monſter.—Trim, we remain together?

Trim. Moſt certainly. You help yourſelf without ſervants! you forget your wounds, and that you have only the uſe of one arm. Why, you cannot dreſs yourſelf alone. I am indiſpenſably neceſſary to you; and am, without praiſing myſelf, your Honor, and am a ſervant, who, when the worſt comes to the worſt, can beg and ſteal for his maſter.

Tell. Trim, we muſt not remain together.

Trim. I have your Honor's word to the contrary.

SCENE IX.

TRYALL, TELLHEIM, TRIM.

Tryall. Hip! fellow ſervant!

Trim. What's the matter?

Tryall. Cannot you direct me to the officer who till yeſterday lodg'd in that apartment?—[*Pointing to the ſide.*]

Trim.

Trim. That I can eaſily do. What is it you bring him?

Tryall. What we always preſent when we bring nothing—Compliments. My miſtreſs hears ſhe diſlodg'd him. My miſtreſs knows good breeding; and therefore I am come to make her apology.

Trim. Why then apologize to him. There he ſtands.

Tryall. Who is he? What is his name?

Tell. Friend, I have overheard your meſſage. It is a ſuperfluous civility from your miſtreſs, of which I am duly ſenſible. Preſent my reſpects to her. Pray, what is her name?

Tryall. I have never heard it mention'd, nor is it my buſineſs to enquire. I generally contrive to enter a new family every quarter; and the devil take their names.

Trim. Bravo, companion!

Tryall. It is only ſince a few days that I ſerve her ladyſhip. I believe ſhe is chacing after her lover.

Tell. Enough. I wiſh'd to know the name, and not the ſecrets, of your miſtreſs. You may go.

Tryall. Fellow ſervant, this would be no maſter for me.

SCENE X.

TELLHEIM, TRIM.

Tellheim. Diſpatch, make haſte, Trim, to decamp from theſe quarters. The attention of the unknown lady hurts me more than the brutality of the landlord. Here, take this ring:—

[*drawing*

[*drawing it from his pockets.*]—My ſole remaining jewel. I never thought to be reduc'd to this dire neceſſity! Pawn it; get eighty louis d'ors for it. The innkeeper's bill cannot amount to thirty. Pay him; and remove my cloak-bag. But where!—Where thou wilt—The cheaper the better inn. Thou wilt find me at the next coffee-houſe.—Diſpatch.—[*Going.*]

Trim. I will take care of every thing, your Honor.

Tell. [*Returns.*]—But above all, remember my piſtols, which hang behind the bed. [*Going.*]

Trim. Nothing ſhall be forgotten.

Tell. [*Returns again.*] — One thing more, bring thy ſpaniel: do'ſt hear, Trim?

SCENE XI.

TRIM.

The ſpaniel will not be left behind. So, the Major had yet preſerv'd his precious ring; and wore it—not on his finger, but in his pocket. My ſweet landlord, we are not altogether ſo bare as we ſeem to be. With him, even with him, will I pledge thee, pretty ring. I know it will gall him not to ſee thee entirely conſumed in his houſe.—Ah!—[*Spying Warner.*]

SCENE XII.

PAUL WARNER, TRIM.

Trim. What, Warner! Heartily welcome to town, my good man.

Paul Warner. Oh, the curs'd village!—I can never live there again. Cheer up, lads, cheer

up ;—I bring a reinforcement of caſh. Where is the Major ?

Trim. You muſt ſurely have met him going out of the gate.

Warner. I enter'd by the back door. But how fares it with him ? I ſhould have been here laſt week, but———

Trim. Well, and what prevented thee?

Warner. Haſt thou never heard of the heroick Nelſon ?

Trim. Nelſon ! I know nothing of him.

Warner. Simpleton ! I believe thou readeſt the newſpapers as little as thy bible. Thou knoweſt not the great Admiral, the conqueror of the French, who has preſerv'd the Ottoman Creſcent from the revolutionary comet ? Heaven be praiſed, that war is ſtill ſomewhere ſtirring ! Long have I been expecting havock to be let looſe here again : but they ſit moping, and ſhaking their heads. No, I have been a ſoldier, and will continue a ſoldier.—[*Looking attentively around him.*]—Between thee and I, Trim, I am marching to Egypt, to make a few campaigns againſt the Republicans.

Trim. Thou !

Warner. Even I.—Our forefathers wag'd continual war againſt infidels, and ſo ſhould we, were we brave fellows, and good Chriſtians. To be ſure, a campaign againſt theſe French plunderers cannot be very pleaſant, but then, ſo much the more laudable.

Trim. But I would not advance an inch, to have my head ſlic'd, or my body fuſiladed.—Thou wilt not ſurely be mad, and leave thy pretty eſtate?

Warner. No, no, I ſhall carry that with me; the land is ſold.

Trim.

Trim. Sold!

Warner. Yes, and here I bring the Major one hundred ducats, paid me yesterday, in part.

Trim. And what should he do with them?

Warner. Do with them? Drink, game, wench; consume them just as he lists. The man must have money, and it is bad enough they make him earn his own so bitterly. But were I in his place, I know what I would do: wish their Lordships at—— and lead Paul Warner to Egypt.—Fire and thunder! the brave Englanders must have heard of Major Tellheim! though his quarter-master Paul may be unknown to them. Our actions on the Rhine ——

Trim. Shall I tell 'em thee?

Warner. Thou tell me!—There, take the hundred ducats; and give them to the Major. Tell him, I beg he would likewise keep them for me. I must now post to the market, to sell two loads of hay; and he may also have their produce.

Trim. Thou meanest heartily well; but we want not thy money. Keep thy ducats: and moreover, thou mayest receive thy hundred pistoles undiminish'd, when thou wilt.

Warner. So! The Major then has yet money?

Trim. No.

Warner. And how do you subsist?

Trim. We chalk up; and when the varlets will credit us no longer, and turn us out of their houses, we pawn our superfluities, and march elsewhere.—But hark thee, Paul; we must play this innkeeping scoundrel some trick.

Warner. What! has he affronted the Major? I am your man.

Trim. Shall we lay in ambuſh for him, in the evening, and cudgel his bones to a jelly?

Warner. Ambuſh! Evening! Two to one! That's baſe; it wont do.

Trim. Or ſhall we burn his houſe about his ears?

Warner. Fire the town! Wretch! one would think that thou wert a ruffian, and not a ſoldier. Fye!

Trim. Or ſhall we debauch his daughter? It is true, ſhe is damn'd ugly.

Warner. O, that's already done; or, at all events, thou neededſt no helpmate for that. But what are we about here? What's the matter?

Trim. Come, then; the ſecret ſhall out— [*Whiſpering him.*]

Warner. What, are the hell-dogs broke looſe upon us?

Trim. Yes, ſure. But come along.

Warner. So much the better. Why then for Egypt.—Ho! for Egypt! Huzza!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

LADY LOUISA BARNHELN, FRANCISCA.

[*The Scene in Lady Louiſa's Apartment.*]

Lady Louiſa.—[*Looking at her watch.*]—Franciſca, we are riſen very early this morning: our time, I fear, will be tedious.

Franciſca. Who can ſleep in theſe confounded large cities? The coaches, the carts, the watchmen, the drums, the drunkards, that inceſſantly rattle, bawl, rumble, ſcream, and ſwear, juſt as if night were deſign'd for any purpoſe but ſleeping.—A diſh of tea, my Lady.

Lady Lou. I do not like tea. Thou may'ſt make ſome for thyſelf.

Fran. For myſelf! I could as ſoon talk alone as drink alone. To be ſure, our time muſt be heavy, from mere ennui. We muſt dreſs ourſelves *en gala*, and try on the armour in which we intend making the firſt aſſault.

Lady Lou. Thou talk'ſt of ſtorming, when I merely make my approaches to demand the performance of the capitulation.

Fran. And the officer whom we diſlodged, and to whom we therefore made our compliments and apology, ſurely poſſeſſes not the moſt refined good-breeding, otherwiſe he would have entreated the honor of paying us his reſpects.

Lady Lou. All officers are not Tellheims. To ſay the truth, I grac'd him with our compliments merely to create an opportunity of enquiring about my wanderer. Franciſca, my heart tells me my journey will be propitious; that I ſhall find him.

Fran.

Fran. Your heart, my Lady! We ſhould not put too much confidence in our heart; it dearly loves to prattle from the tongue; and were the tongue as fond of ſpeaking from the heart, it would have been long ſince the cuſtom to have worn padlocks on our tongues.

Lady Lou. Ha! Ha!—With thy padlock'd tongues!—The faſhion would juſt ſuit me.

Fran. Better never ſhew the pretty ivory teeth, than to have the heart ſpringing every moment between them.

Lady Lou. What ſo young, and already ſo very cautious?

Fran. Indeed, my Lady, I wiſh I was more ſo. We ſeldom boaſt of the virtues we have, but frequently of thoſe we have not.

Lady Lou. Why, Franciſca, thou haſt made an excellent remark! and doſt know why I think ſo? It has a ſtrong reference to my Tellheim.

Fran. And what is there you would not apply to him?

Lady Lou. Friend and enemy agree that no man can be braver; but who ever heard him boaſt of courage? He has the moſt exalted principles; but honor and honeſty are words he ſeldom utters.

Fran. What virtues are then his topics?

Lady Lou. He ſpeaks of none; for in him none are wanting.

Fran. Who ever heard the like?

Lady Lou. Hold, Franciſca: I recollect he frequently talks of œconomy.—In good faith, Franciſca, I fear the man is a ſpendthrift.

Fran. One thing more, my Lady. I have likewiſe often heard him vow eternal truth and conſtancy to you: the gentleman may poſſibly be a flatterer!

Lady

Lady Lou. Thou wretch! But thou art not in earneſt, Franciſca?

Fran. How long is it ſince he wrote to you?

Lady Lou. Ah me! ſince the peace I have had but one letter from him!

Fran. Wherefore this ſigh againſt the peace? Peace ſhould heal the wounds of war, and not deſtroy the little good her enemy hath ſpar'd. Peace ſhould not be ſo rapacious. And how long have we had peace? We ſhall die of ennui without news. The poſts go in vain undiſturbed; nobody writes; for no one has any thing to write.

Lady Lou. He ſaid in his letter, "It is peace; and I approach the completion of my wiſhes." But why wrote he thus only once?

Fran. And compels us to ride poſt after this completion of our wiſhes.—But if we find him, he ſhall anſwer for it. But ſhould the man have fulfill'd theſe wiſhes, and we hear here——

Lady Lou. [*With anxious tenderneſs.*]—That he was dead!

Fran. For you, my lady, and alive in another's arms!

Lady Lou. Thou tormentreſs! Thou ſhalt ſmart for all this, Franciſca. But prattle away, or elſe we ſhall doze again. His regiment was diſbanded after the peace. Who knows what a hurry and confuſion of accounts this occaſions him? Who knows into what other regiment, or to what diſtant province, he may have been remanded? Who knows what circumſtances—— Some one knocks!

Fran. Come in.

SCENE II.

SHARK, LADY LOUISA, FRANCISCA.

Shark. [*Thrufting in his head.*]—May I be permitted, my Lady——

Fran. Our landlord! Let's behold your whole perfonage.

Shark. [*With a pen behind his ear, and a fheet of paper and an inkftand in his hand.*]—I wait upon your Ladyfhip with the moft refpectful tender of my fervices, to wifh your Ladyfhip a good morning; and likewife to you, my pretty maid.

Fran. A civil creature!

Lady Lou. We thank you.

Fran. And wifh you alfo a good morning.

Shark. Dare I enquire how your Ladyfhip repofed the firft night under my poor roof?

Fran. The roof is not fo bad, Mr. Landlord —But the beds might have been better.

Shark. What do I hear!—Not refted well!—Perhaps the too great fatigue of the journey—

Lady Lou. It may be.

Shark. Yes, fure; yes, fure: for otherwife—But fhould any thing difpleafe your Ladyfhip, your Ladyfhip has only to command me.

Fran. Mighty well, Mr. Landlord. We are not novices; and of all places one fhould never be diffident at an inn. We fhall not fail telling you what we wifh to have.

Shark. The next thing I have to afk is—[*taking the pen from his ear*]—

Fran. Well.

Shark. Your Ladyfhip, doubtlefs, knows the cautious regulations of our police.

Fran.

Fran. Not at all, Mr. Landlord.

Shark. We innkeepers are bound to lodge no ſtrangers, of whatſoever ſex or condition, twenty-four hours, without delivering, in writing, their names, reſidence, title, occupation, and intended ſtay in this city.

Lady Lou. Mighty well!

Shark. Your Ladyſhip will therefore condeſcend—[*approaching the table, and preparing to write*]——

Lady Lou. Certainly—My name is ——

Shark. I crave a moment's patience—[*He writes.*]—Dated.—Arrived at the Britiſh hotel.—Now the honor of your Ladyſhip's name.

Lady Lou. Lady Louiſa Smaldale.

Shark.—[*Writing.*]—Coming from whence, my Lady?

Lady Lou. From my ſeat in Saxony.

Shark.—[*Writing.*]—In Saxony—From Saxony—Aye, aye, from Saxony, my Lady!—From Saxony!

Fran. And prithee why not? It is no crime here, I hope, to be a Saxon.

Shark. A crime! No, Heaven forbid. That were indeed quite a new crime!—From Saxony. Aye, aye, from Saxony!—Dear Saxony!—But if I miſtake not, my Lady, Saxony lays in no ſuch narrow compaſs, and has—what ſhall I call them?—Diſtricts, hundreds—Our police is very exact, my Lady!

Lady Lou. I underſtand you: from my ſeat at Belmont, near Dreſden.

Shark. Aye, aye; that is clearer, and more exact, my Lady.—[*Writes and reads.*]—Lady Louiſa Smaldale, comes from her ſeat at Belmont, with her woman and two valets.

Fran. Her woman! That muſt mean me.

Shark. Yes, my pretty child.

Fran. Mr. Landlord, inſtead of woman, put fille de chambre. I hear the police is very exact; and it will be but prudent to avoid any poſſible miſunderſtanding, which might occaſion me ſome trouble during my ſtay here; for I am truly yet a virgin, chriſtened Franciſca, ſirnamed Ready—Franciſca Ready. I come likewiſe from Belmont. My father was a miller on one of her Ladyſhip's eſtates. My brother is now in poſſeſſion of the mill. I came very young to court, and was educated with her Ladyſhip. We are of the ſame age; one and twenty years next Chriſtmas. I had the ſame maſters with her Ladyſhip. I ſhould be ſorry if the police had not a proper knowledge of me.

Shark. Well, well, my pretty creature, we will pay due attention to this afterwards. And now, pray, my Lady, what may be your buſineſs here?

Lady Lou. My buſineſs!

Shark. Has your Ladyſhip any petition to preſent to his Majeſty?

Lady Lou. O, no!

Shark. Or to our high court of juſtice?

Lady Lou. Neither.

Shark. Or——

Lady Lou. No, no: I am here merely for my private affairs.

Shark. Mighty well, my Lady.—But pray what are theſe private affairs?

Lady Lou. They are——Franciſca, we ſeem to be under examination!

Fran. Mr. Landlord, the police cannot be ſo ill-bred as to inſiſt on knowing a lady's ſecrets.

Shark.

Shark. Above all things, my pretty child, the police is inquiſitive after ſecrets.

Fran. What is to be done, my Lady? But do you hear, Landlord? All we tell you muſt remain between ourſelves and the police.

Lady Lou. Now, what will the madcap tell him?

Fran. Why then, we are come to kidnap an officer from his Majeſty's ſervice.

Shark. How! What!

Fran. Or to be kidnap'd by the officer—It is the ſame thing to us.

Lady Lou. Franciſca, art thou crazy! Mr. Landlord, the girl is making a fool of you.

Shark. I hope not. She is welcome to joke with my inſignificancy; but with the high and mighty police———

Lady Lou. I know not how to act in this affair. Methinks you had better defer your interrogatories till my uncle's arrival. I told you yeſterday why he did not accompany me.—His chaiſe broke down ten miles from hence; but he would not keep me another night on the road. You may depend on his being here tomorrow; and on his anſwering all your enquiries.

Shark. So much the better. Indeed, indeed, one cannot expect—[*ogling Fran.*]—a young laſs ſhould gravely diſcuſs family ſecrets with grave folks.

Lady Lou. And his apartments are ready?

Shark. Entirely, my Lady; except one.

Fran. From whence, probably, you muſt firſt thruſt ſome honeſt man.

Shark. The filles de chambre from Saxony, my Lady, are very compaſſionate.

Lady Lou. In this circumſtance, Landlord, you have behaved ungenerouſly: you ſhould rather have declined receiving me.

Shark. Why ſo, my Lady? Why ſo?

Lady Lou. I hear the officer whom we diſlodged——

Shark. Is only a diſbanded officer, my Lady.

Lady Lou. Suppoſe he be?

Shark. Who is almoſt ruined.

Lady Lou. So much the worſe. I hear he is a very worthy man.

Shark. I tell you he is diſbanded.

Lady Lou. His Majeſty cannot poſſibly know every worthy man in his ſervice.

Shark. O yes; he knows them all.

Lady Lou. But he cannot reward them all.

Shark. Were they deſerving of reward, they would have it. But the gentlemen live during war as if peace were never to come again; as if thine and mine entirely ceaſed. Now all the inns and taverns ſwarm with them. I have eſcaped tolerably well with this man. Though the ready fails him, he has, however, the worth of it; and I could have ſaved myſelf, had he ſtayed a few months longer.—Apropos!—Your Ladyſhip underſtands jewels?

Lady Lou. Slightly.

Shark. I muſt beg your judgment of a ring; a precious ring. Your Ladyſhip wears a very dazzling one; and the more I conſider it, the more I wonder at its ſtrong reſemblance to mine. Do but ſee; [*producing it.*]—What a fire! Why, the middle brilliant alone weighs five karats.

Lady Lou. [*Viewing it.*]—Where am I! What do I behold!—This ring——

Shark.

Shark. Is worth fifteen hundred crowns between brothers.

Lady Lou. Francifca, do but look!

Shark. And I did not hefitate to lend eighty ducats upon it.

Lady Lou. You muft certainly recollect it, Francifca!

Fran. The very fame. Pray, Landlord, where had you this ring?

Shark. Why, my pretty one, you have no claim upon it; have you?

Fran. No claim on this ring!—Her Ladyfhip's name muft lie concealed under a hidden fpring.

Lady Lou. It is the fame! It is the fame! Whence had you this ring, Landlord?

Shark. In the moft honeft manner poffible, my Lady! Your gracious Ladyfhip wifhes not to bring me into troubles and misfortunes! How fhould I know the original owner of the ring? Many a one chang'd its mafter laft war, with and without the knowledge of the owner. War has no refpect of perfons; and many more Saxon rings have pafs'd the confines. Pray, your Ladyfhip, let me have it again.

Fran. Firft anfwer from whom you had it.

Shark. From a man whom I do not think capable of being a rogue; from a good man.

Lady Lou. From the beft man breathing, if you had it from its proper owner. Be quick; and bring me the man.

Shark. Whom does your Ladyfhip mean?

Fran. It muft be our Major's!

Shark. Major!—Right!—He is a Major, who occupied thefe apartments before you, and from whom I had the ring.

Lady Lou. Major Tellheim!

Shark. Yes, Tellheim. Does your Ladyſhip know him?

Lady Lou. Know him!—*He* is then here?—Tellheim is here!—He, he lodg'd in this chamber!—He, he pawn'd this ring to you!—How comes the man into ſuch extremity!—Where is he?—What does he owe you?—Franciſca, unlock the box.—To whom elſe is he indebted?—Bring all his creditors to me.—Here is money, here are bills:—All are his.

Shark. What do I hear!

Lady Lou. Where is he?—Where is he?

Shark. It is not an hour ſince he was here.

Lady Lou. You ugly man! How could you be ſo unfriendly, ſo ſelfiſh, ſo cruel to him!

Shark. Your Ladyſhip will pardon——

Lady Lou. Be quick, and fetch him hither inſtantly.

Shark. His ſervant may be, perhaps, yet here. Is it your Ladyſhip's will and pleaſure that I ſhould tell him to enquire for his maſter?

Lady Lou. It is my will!—Away.—For this ſervice I will forget how unworthily——

Fran. Fye, Landlord, fye!—Preſto; begone. [*Puſhing him off.*]

SCENE III.

LADY LOUISA, FRANCISCA.

Lady Louiſa. I have him again, Franciſca!—I have him again, my girl! My joy bewilders me. Partake my tranſports, dear Franciſca. But wherefore ſhouldſt thou be glad?—Yes, thou muſt, thou ſhalt ſympathize with me!—Say,

Say, Francifca, what fhall I give thee? What wilt thou have? Take any thing. But I fee thou wilt take nothing. Stay;—[*giving her money.*]—buy what thou likeft. Afk for more, if this be not enough.—But thou muft be in fpirits. It is fo fad, fo felfifh, to rejoice alone.

Fran. It would be robbing you, my Lady. Your happinefs intoxicates you.

Lady Lou. And makes me very obftinate, my girl. Take it, I fay;—[*forcing the money into her hand.*]—And if thou thankeft me—But ftay: I am glad I thought of it:—[*taking more money.*]—We will referve this, dear Francifca, for the firft poor wounded veteran we meet with.

SCENE IV.

LADY LOUISA, FRANCISCA, SHARK.

Lady Louifa. Well, will he come?

Shark. The perverfe obftinate dog!

Lady Lou. Whom! his fervant! What, does he refufe to feek his mafter!

Fran. Prithee, bring the rogue hither. I know all the Major's fuite. Who can it poffibly be!

Lady Lou. Bring him quickly to us.

[*Exit Shark.*

SCENE V.

Lady Louifa. My impatience cannot brook a moment's delay.—But, Francifca, thou continueft fo inanimate! Thou wilt not fympathize with me!

Fran.

Fran. I would with all my heart, if——

Lady Lou. If!——

Fran. We have difcovered our hero; but how have we difcovered him! To judge from appearances, he muft be unfortunate, and that grieves me.

Lady Lou. Grieves thee! Let me embrace thee, my lovely playfellow!—I will never forget it—I am only in love: but thou haft a good heart.

SCENE VI.

SHARK, TRIM, LADY LOUISA, FRANCISCA.

Shark. With a world of trouble, hither have I brought him.

Fran. His countenance is unknown.

Lady Lou. Friend, do you live with Major Tellheim?

Trim. Yes.

Lady Lou. Where is your mafter?

Trim. Not here.

Lady Lou. But you know where to find him?

Trim. Yes.

Lady Lou. Will you not beg him to come hither?

Trim. No.

Lady Lou. You would much oblige me

Trim. Aye!

Lady Lou. And do your mafter a fervice.

Trim. Perhaps not.

Lady Lou. Why fo?

Trim. You are the lady who fent him her compliments this morning.

Lady Lou. Yes.

Trim. I am not then miftaken.

Lady Lou. Does your maſter know my name?

Trim. No; but he has as little reliſh for the too-civil ladies, as for the too-brutiſh landlords.

Shark. That I ſuppoſe means me.

Trim. Aye.

Shark. Let not her Ladyſhip be the ſufferer; but go quickly for your maſter.

Lady Lou. Franciſca, give him ſomewhat.

Fran. [*Putting money into his hand.*]—We want not your ſervices gratis.

Trim. Nor I your money without ſervices.

Fran. One for the other.

Trim. I dare not. My maſter order'd me to clear away; I am now about it; and therefore beg no further hindrance. When I have finiſhed, I will inform him he may come hither. He is at the next coffee-houſe; and if he have nothing better to do there, he may poſſibly ſaunter here.—[*Going.*]

Fran. Stop a moment. Her Ladyſhip is the Major's ſiſter.

Lady Lou. Yes, yes; his ſiſter.

Trim. I know better. The Major has no ſiſters. He has ſent me twice within theſe ſix months to his family at Hanover.—But it is true, there are many ſorts of *ſiſters.*

Fran. The brute.

Trim. How can it be otherwiſe, when you keep people from their buſineſs? [*Exit.*

Fran. What a wretch!

Shark. I told you ſo. But, no matter, ſince we have diſcover'd his maſter. I will go for him myſelf. Only I humbly implore your Ladyſhip to procure me the Major's pardon, for having had the misfortune to offend unwillingly a gentleman of his deſerts.

Lady

Lady Lou. Be quick, Landlord, and all ſhall be forgiven.—[*Exit Shark.*]—Franciſca, run after him. He muſt not mention my name!

[*Exit Franciſca.*

SCENE VII.

LADY LOUISA, *then* FRANCISCA.

Lady Lou. I have him then again!—Am I alone!—I will not be alone in vain. One grateful acknowledgment is the moſt acceptable prayer!—I have him!—I have him!—I am happy; I am eaſy. What can be more pleaſing to heaven than a contented being?—[*Franciſca enters.*]—Art thou already returned, Franciſca? He diſtreſſes thee, but not me. Misfortune has its uſe. Providence has, perhaps, deprived him of every thing, to reſtore him all again in me.

Fran. He will be here in an inſtant. You are yet *en diſhabille*, my Lady. Shall I dreſs you?

Lady Lou. Better not. He will henceforward oftener ſee me thus than more adorned.

Fran. O, you know yourſelf, my Lady.

Lady Lou. [*After a moment's pauſe.*]—Indeed, my girl, thou haſt hit the mark again.

Fran. We are prettieſt when unadorned: we then are moſt engaging.

Lady Lou. Muſt we then be handſome? To think ourſelves ſo may, perhaps, be neceſſary. No; let me but be handſome to him, to him alone! Franciſca, if all girls feel as I do now—We are ſtrange creatures!—Tender and proud, virtuous and vain, voluptuous and pious!—Thou canſt not underſtand me; I am ſcarcely intelligible to myſelf. My head turns, my brain is

is giddy, with this unlook'd-for tranſporting meeting.

Fran. Compoſe yourſelf, my Lady. I hear them coming.

Lady Lou. Compoſe myſelf! ſhould I, can I receive him calmly!

SCENE VIII.

Tellheim, Shark, *and the former.*

Tell. [*Entering, and perceiving Lady Louiſa, haſtens eagerly to her.*]—Ah, my Louiſa!

Lady Lou. [*Eagerly meeting him.*]—Ah! my Tellheim!

Tell. [*Starts, and retreats.*]—Pardon me, my Lady. To meet Lady Louiſa here!——

Lady Lou. Cannot ſurely be ſo very ſtrange to Major Tellheim!—[*He retires as ſhe approaches him.*]—I ſhould pardon you for my ſtill being *your* Louiſa. May Heaven pardon you for my being ſtill Lady Louiſa Barnhelm.

Tell. My Lady!—[*Fixing his eyes on the landlord, and ſhrugging his ſhoulders.*]

Lady Lou. [*Perceiving the landlord, winks at Franciſca.*]—Sir——

Tell. If we are not both miſtaken——

Fran. Why, Landlord! whom have you brought us! Let us make haſte, and find the right perſon.

Shark. Why, is not this the right? Yes, ſure.

Fran. No, ſure!—I have not yet wiſh'd your pretty daughter a good morning.

Shark. She is much obliged to you.

Fran. [*Taking hold of him.*]—Come, let us make out the bill of fare: let us ſee what we can have.

Shark. Imprimis; you ſhall have——

Fran. Softly, ſoftly. Should her Ladyſhip hear what is for dinner, her appetite will be ſpoiled. Come, this muſt all be between ourſelves.—[*Puſhes him forcibly off.*]

SCENE IX.

MAJOR TELLHEIM, LADY LOUISA.

Lady Louiſa. Now, are we ſtill miſtaken!

Tell. Would to heaven we were! But there is but one, and you are ſhe.

Lady Lou. What ceremonious precautions! Why, all the world may hear what we have to ſay!

Tell. You here!—Whom does your Ladyſhip expect to meet!

Lady Lou. I no longer expect any one;—[*Running to him with open arms.*]—Here find I all I ſought for.

Tell. [*Retreating.*]—You ſought a happy man; a man deſerving your affection, and find a wretch.

Lady Lou. You love me then no longer; you admire ſome other.

Tell. Ah! my Lady, he ne'er lov'd you, who can love another after you!

Lady Lou. You only draw a ſting from my boſom, and leave the poiſon in my heart. If you are mine no longer, it matters not whether the loſs proceeds from indifference or more powerful

powerful charms. You no longer love me, and yet love no other. Unhappy man! to live without love!

Tell. True, my Lady: the unhappy ſhould renounce love. Whoever cannot attain this conqueſt over himſelf, and can ſubmit to ſuffer her whom he adores to partake his misfortunes, deſerves to ſuffer. The victory is difficult. Since reaſon and neceſſity have commanded me to forget Louiſa Campdale, what efforts have I not exerted! I was juſt beginning to hope theſe efforts were not altogether in vain; and thou appeareſt!

Lady Lou. Am I awake!—Is it thee I hear!—A moment's pauſe, Sir, before we further confuſe ourſelves. Will you anſwer me one queſtion?

Tell. Yes, my Lady.

Lady Lou. Will you truly and faithfully anſwer me, without prevarication or equivocation, with nothing but a ſimple yea or nay?

Tell. If I can, I will.

Lady Lou. You can! Notwithſtanding all your efforts to forget me, do you ſtill love me, Tellheim?

Tell. My Lady, this queſtion!——

Lady Lou. You have promiſed to reply to with nothing but a mere yes or no.

Tell. Conditionally, if I can.

Lady Lou. You can! You muſt know the feelings of your heart.—Do you ſtill love me, Tellheim?—Yes or no.

Tell. If my heart——

Lady Lou. Yes or no.

Tell. Why then——Yes!

Lady Lou. Yes!

Tell. Yes—Yes——But——

Lady Lou. Patience! You ſtill love me!—It is enough for me!—My God, in what a ſtyle I addreſs thee! In a dry, reſerved, melancholy tone. I muſt reſume my own.—Well then, my dear unfortunate, thou loveſt me.—Thou haſt thy Louiſa, and art wretched! Do but hear what an old faſhioned conceited thing ſhe was, and is. Why, ſhe dreamt, ſhe believed, ſhe was thy ſole happineſs! Now, am I impatient to hear the catalogue of thy griefs. Come, try which has the down-ſcale, good or bad fortune: come!

Tell. My Louiſa, I am a ſtranger to the language of complaint.

Lady Lou. Very well; and, indeed, I know not what could more diſpleaſe me in a ſoldier than complaining. But there is a certain cold, negligent manner of ſetting forth one's bravery, and one's misfortunes——

Tell. Which, in fact, is likewiſe boaſting and complaining.

Lady Lou. O, my diviner! then thou ſhouldſt not have called thyſelf at all unhappy. An entire ſilence, or no concealment. A reaſon, a neceſſity, which commands thee to forget me. I am a great lover of reaſon, and have all poſſible deference for neceſſity: but pray inform me how rational this reaſon, and how neceſſary this neceſſity, may be.

Tell. Well, then, Lady Louiſa ſhall be informed. You call me Tellheim; the name is right; but you imagine I am the Tellheim you knew in Saxony; the blooming youth, warm with hope, ſwelling with ambition, and high in health, to whom the barriers of honor and fortune

tune were unfolded; who, if he were not then worthy of your heart and hand, ſtrove daily to deſerve that bleſſing. I am no more that Tellheim, than I am my father. Both have been. I am now the diſbanded, honor-wounded Tellheim; the cripple, the beggar. You engaged yourſelf to the former, my Lady, and muſt keep your word.

Lady Lou. This ſounds dolefully! Yet, my good Sir, till I find the firſt, (for, in a word, I am infatuated with the Tellheims,) this will ſerve me during the interval. Thy hand, my dear beggar!—[*Seizing his hand.*]

Tell. —[*Holding his hat to his face, which he turns from her.*]—This is too, too much!—Where am I!—Unhand me, Louiſa.—Your kindneſs tortures me.—Leave me; leave me.

Lady Lou. What diſtreſſes thee? Whither wouldſt thou go?

Tell. From you.

Lady Lou. From me!—[*Sighing.*]—Dreamer!

Tell. Diſtraction will throw me dead at your feet!

Lady Lou. From me!

Tell. From you!—Never, never to behold you more; or at leaſt reſolved, moſt firmly reſolved, never to be guilty of any meanneſs, nor ſuffer you to betray yourſelf into any weakneſs.—Leave me, my Louiſa; leave me.——[*Breaking from her.*]—Adieu! [*Exit.*

Lady Lou.—[*Following him.*]—Louiſa leave thee!—Tellheim!—Tellheim!

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A hall. TRIM, *with a letter.*

Trim. Muſt I then again enter this accurſed houſe! A note from my maſter to the lady who will be his ſiſter.—Here's no web a-weaving, it is to be hoped; otherwiſe I ſhall be like a ſhuttle by letter carrying. I wiſh myſelf well away; but I have no longing to enter that chamber. Theſe females are ſo inquiſitive, and I anſwer ſo unwillingly! Ha! the door opens.—How unfortunate! and lo, the chamber parrot!

SCENE II.

FRANCISCA, TRIM.

Fran. —[*Entering.*]—Never fear, I will unravel him; and ſee, here's already a clue; but one can make nothing of this animal.

Trim. Your ſervant.

Fran. I would not take up with ſuch a ſervant.

Trim. Well, well, pardon my want of breeding. Here bring I a letter from my maſter to your miſtreſs—Her Ladyſhip—Siſter—Was it not ſiſter?

Fran. Give it here.—[*Snatching the letter.*]

Trim. You will pleaſe to remember my maſter deſires it may be delivered; then you will pleaſe not to think my maſter deſires that I am come a begging.

Fran.

Fran. What follows?

Trim. My maſter underſtands the routine. He knows the road to their ladyſhips lays thro' their filles de chambre. Mademoiſelle will alſo be ſo good, my maſter ſays, to acquaint him if he may expect the happineſs of ten minutes conference with *her*?

Fran. With me!

Trim. Excuſe me if I give you a wrong title.—Yes, you; only for a little quarter of an hour; but alone, quite alone—in ſecret, between four eyes. He has ſomething of great conſequence to impart.

Fran. Good. I have likewiſe much to ſay to him.

Trim. But when may he come? when will it be moſt convenient to you, Miſs?—So—Towards twilight?

Fran. What does the animal mean? Your maſter may come when he pleaſes; and ſo you have your anſwer, and may take yourſelf away.

Trim. Moſt gladly.—[*Going.*]

Fran. Yet, ſtay; another word.—Where are the Major's other attendants?

Trim. The others!—Here, there, and every where.

Fran. Where's William?

Trim. The valet de chambre?—The Major permits him to travel.

Fran. So:—and Philip, where is he?

Trim. O! the chaſſeur?—He ſtays at home to preſerve the game.

Fran. Upon another's property—But Martin?

Trim. The coachman?—He drove away.

Fran. And Dick?

Trim. The running footman? He is promoted.

Fran. But where was you when the Major held his winter quarters in our neighbourhood? Perhaps you did not then live with him.

Trim. O yes; I was his poſtillion; but at that time in the hoſpital.

Fran. His poſtillion! but what are you now?

Trim. All in all—valet de chambre, chaſſeur, running footman, and courier.

Fran. Mercy on me! That's wonderful! to diſcharge ſo many clever uſeful fellows, and preciſely to keep the refuſe of them all! I ſhould be glad to know what excellence your maſter diſcover'd in you?

Trim. May be, he found me an honeſt fellow.

Fran. O! with mere plain downright honeſty, one is ſcarce worth the hiring. William was a man indeed!—His maſter gives him leave of abſence.

Trim. Yes, becauſe he cannot prevent it.

Fran. How!

Trim. O, William will cut a figure in his tour; for he took all his maſter's wardrobe with him.

Fran. What! Why ſure he did not run away?

Trim. Why, as to that, I know not what to ſay; only when we left Nuremburg, he did not follow us.

Fran. O, the raſcal!

Trim. He was a rare fellow! He could dreſs, ſhave, and talk, and charm——Eh! could he not, Mademoiſelle?

Fran. Why then, at leaſt, I would not have parted with the chaſſeur. If he no longer wanted him for his game, he was a valuable lad, in

in many other refpects. Who has the boarding of him?

Trim. The Governor of Spandau.

Fran. In the fortrefs! Why, there can be no great abundance of game upon the walls.

Trim. O, Philip neither hunts nor fhoots there.

Fran. What does he then?

Trim. He wheels a barrow.

Fran. A barrow!

Trim. But only for three years. He plan'd a little manœuvre in the Major's company, to introduce fix men thro' the advanc'd pofts.

Fran. I am aftonifh'd!—The villain!

Trim. O, he is a valuable lad—a chaffeur—who knew all the woods, moraffes, foot-paths, and bye-paths, for fifty miles in the round; and he could fhoot!——

Fran. It is, however, lucky; the Major has ftill his honeft coachman.

Trim. What, has he him yet?

Fran. I thought you faid Martin had rode away. Why, he will certainly return?

Trim. Will he fo?

Fran. Whither is he gone?

Trim. It is now about ten weeks fince he rode to water with the Major's laft and fole faddle horfe.

Fran. And not yet returned?—O, the hang-dog!

Trim. Perhaps the violence of the ftream carried the poor coachman off.—O! he was a rare whip!—He drove ten years in Vienna.—My mafter will never get his fellow. When the horfes were on the full ftretch, if he only mutter'd burr! the animals ftood ftill as a wall. He was, befides, a moft knowing farrier.

Fran. Now am I in pain about the running footman's preferment.

Trim. No, no, that is really the caſe. Dick had a ſneaking kindneſs for a good-for-nothing wench; ran his maſter every where in debt; with a thouſand other ſwindling tricks. In ſhort, the Major perceiv'd he would, at all events, be advanc'd;—[*Making ſigns of hanging;*]—ſo he put him in the right way.

Fran. O, the knave!

Trim. But he is not to be equall'd as a runner; that's undeniable. If his maſter gave him fifty yards, he could not overtake him with his ſwifteſt racer. But Dick may give the gallows a thouſand yards, and I'll wager my life he reaches it. They *were all your very good friends,* Mademoiſelle——William and Philip, Martin and Richard.—Well, Trim has the honor to be—— [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

FRANCISCA, *and then* SHARK.

Fran.—[*Looking earneſtly after him.*]—I deſerve the bite. I thank thee, Trim. I demeaned honeſty too low. The lecture ſhall be remembered.—Ah! the unfortunate man!—[*Going to Lady Louiſa's apartment.* SHARK *calls her.*]

Shark. Wait a little, my ſweet creature!

Fran. I am not at leiſure, Mr. Landlord.

Shark. Only for a ſhort minute. No further intelligence as yet from the Major? He could not ſurely mean to take his final leave.

Fran. What mean you?

Shark.

Shark. Has not her Ladyſhip told you?—When I left you, my pretty child, in the kitchen, I accidentally returned to the hall.

Fran. Accidentally—on purpoſe to eaves-drop a little.

Shark. O, my dear creature, how can you think thus of me? Nothing miſbecomes a landlord more than curioſity. I was juſt got here, when her Ladyſhip's door burſt open: the Major ſprung out of the room; Lady Louiſa hanging upon him: both with ſuch emotions, looks, and attitudes, not to be deſcribed! She clung about him. He diſengaged himſelf. She caught him again—Tellheim!—Lady Louiſa! leave me.—Whither would you?—Thus ſhe drag'd herſelf to the ſteps. I began to be in great dread of their falling. He once more tore himſelf from her. Her Ladyſhip remained ſtanding on the firſt ſtep, wringing her hands, gazing and calling after him. Then on a ſudden, ſhe turn'd round, and ran to the window; from the window to the ſtep; and from thence, here and there about the hall. Here ſtood I; and ſhe paſſed me three times unobſerved. At laſt ſhe ſeemed to perceive me: but, God help me, I believe my Lady took me for you, Franciſca! Said ſhe, with her eyes fix'd; ſay, am I now happy? Then her eyes wander'd on the cieling—Am I now happy? ſighed ſhe. She wiped off the falling tears; and ſmiling, again aſk'd me, Franciſca, am I now happy? Verily, I never felt the like before. She walk'd ſlowly to her apartment; and turning round, cry'd, come then, Franciſca; who grieves thee now? Then ſhe ſhut the door.

Fran. O, Mr. Landlord, you have been dreaming all this.

Shark. Dreaming!—No, my pretty maid; there are no ſuch circumſtantial connected dreams. I would give I know what—I am not inquiſitive—but I would give much to get the key to all this.

Fran. The key to our door!—We keep that within to ſecure ourſelves at night. We are timorous.

Shark. No, not that key, my pretty child. I mean the key—the explanation—the reaſon of what I beheld.

Fran. O! is it ſo!—Well, adieu, Mr. Landlord. Our dinner will ſoon be ready, I ſuppoſe.

Shark. My good young lady, not to forget the moſt material point——

Fran. Well, but be quick.

Shark. Her Ladyſhip has my ring as yet. I call it mine——

Fran. And you will be no loſer by it.

Shark. I have no fears about that: I only ſpoke by way of memento: for, look you, I do not even wiſh to have it again. I think I can calculate on my fingers how her Ladyſhip knew the ring, and why it exactly reſembled hers. It cannot be in better hands; and I will add the hundred piſtoles I gave for it to her Ladyſhip's bill. Shall I not, my pretty creature?

SCENE IV.

PAUL WARNER, SHARK, FRANCISCA.

Paul Warner. Why, there he ftands!

Fran. A hundred piftoles! —Only eighty, fure.

Shark. True, true; only ninety. That will be the beft way.

Fran. All that will be fettled in due time, Mr. Landlord.

War.—[*Gently approaching Francifca, and patting her fhoulder.*]—Ladykin.—Ladykin.

Fran.—[*Frightened.*]—Ha!

War. Be not alarmed, young lady. I fee you are handfome, and a ftranger, and pretty ftrangers fhould always be cautioned. Young lady, young lady, be on your guard againft this man. —[*Pointing to Shark.*]

Shark. O, unexpected pleafure! Mr. Quartermafter Warner!—Welcome, welcome!—Ah, it is ftill the merry, facetious, honeft Warner! Upon your guard againft me!—Ha, ha, ha.

War. Be always careful to get out of his way.

Shark. Me! Me!—Am I then fo dangerous? Ha, ha, ha.—Do but hear, my pretty one. How relifh you this joke?

War. Fellows like thee always attempt to turn truth into a joke.

Shark. Truths!—Ha, ha, ha.—Better and better.—How dryly the man jokes!—I dangerous!—I!—To be fure twenty years ago there might be fomething in it. Aye, aye, my pretty creature, then I was dangerous, as many can teftify; but now——

War.

War. Peace, you old fool!

Shark. Ah, there it ſticks! When once we are old, it is all over with us. The ſame will happen to you, Mr. Warner.

War. Sdeath! fellow, finiſh your profing.—Young lady, you think too well of me, to ſuppoſe I mean that ſort of danger.—No, that devil has left him; but ſeven others have entered in his room.

Shark. Did ever any one hear the like! Joke upon joke; and always ſomething new. O, he is a rare man!—[*Whiſpering Fran.*]—A man of ſubſtance, and unmarried: has, three miles from hence, a good eſtate; and was the Major's quarter-maſter. O, he is a true friend to our worthy Major: ſuch a friend too, who would lay down his life for him!

War. Aye, and thou art a true friend of my Major's; ſuch a friend—who would not lay down a penny to ſave his life.

Shark. How!—What!—No, no, Warner; that's too much.—Not the Major's friend!—No, I do'nt underſtand that joke.

War. Trim has told me a fine tale!

Shark. Trim!—I ſuſpected all this came thro' his channel. Trim is a malicious, wicked fellow.—But here is a ſweet good creature on the ſpot, who can ſay whether I am no friend of the Major's; whether I have not done him any ſervice. And wherefore ſhould I not be his friend? Is he not a deſerving man? He has, to be ſure, had the misfortune to be diſbanded; but what of that? The King cannot know every worthy man; and if he knew them, he cannot provide for all.

War. That he may ſettle with heaven! But Trim—To be ſure, Trim is nothing extraordinary—

nary—But Trim is no lyar; and, if what he told me be true——

Shark. I will not anſwer to any of Trim's accuſations.—But as I was ſaying, this lovely creature will tell you—[*Whiſpering her.*]—You know, my good girl, the ring. Relate the matter to Mr. Warner. He will learn to know me better: and, that it may not be ſuppoſed you ſpeak to flatter me, I will take myſelf away. I will not be preſent; I will go. But you ſhall confeſs, Mr. Warner, that Trim is a malicious ſlanderer. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

PAUL WARNER, FRANCISCA.

Warner. Young lady, do you then know my Major?

Fran. Major Tellheim? — Yes, well do I know that excellent man.

Warner. Is he not a good man?—You eſteem him?

Fran. Aye, from the bottom of my heart.

Warner. Verily?—Do you ſee, young lady, theſe words make you doubly beautiful. But what may the ſervices be this landlord boaſts having done our Major?

Fran. I know not; except he means to graft upon his unworthineſs the good that reſults from his raſcally behaviour.

War. Then Trim ſpoke truth,—[*turning to where Shark went out.*]—It is thy luck, thou haſt eſcap'd me.—He really turn'd him out of his lodging? To be guilty of ſuch baſeneſs, to-

 wards

wards ſuch a man, becauſe the ſcoundrel imagined he had no money.

Fran. So; the Major has money?

War. He knows not how much he has, nor who owes him money. I am his debtor, and bring him now a trifle. Do you ſee, young lady, in this purſe are 100 Louis,—[*drawing it out of his pocket:*]—and in this rouleau 100 ducats,—[*out of another:*]—all his money.

Fran. Indeed! But why does the Major pawn?—He has pawn'd a ring!

War. Pawn'd!—Pri'thee don't believe any ſuch hiſtory.—May be, he wanted to rid himſelf of the beggary.

Fran. It is no beggary, but a very precious ring; received, moreover, from dearly-beloved hands.

War. So I thought;—from dearly-beloved hands! Aye, aye: ſuch a trifle often reminds one of what one wiſhes not to remember; ſo we remove it from our eyes as quick as poſſible.

Fran. How!

War. O, we ſoldiers fare bravely in winter quarters. From mere idleneſs, we form connections for our evening paſtime; but which the good-natur'd ſoul with whom we make them ſimply interprets as a life-laſting paſſion. Then, preſto, ſlips him a ring on his finger; himſelf ſcarcely knowing how; and not ſeldom would he willingly part with his finger to ſhake off the ring and ring-giver.

Fran. Indeed! and was this the Major's mode of proceeding?

War. To be ſure; eſpecially in Saxony, where, had he ten fingers on each hand, all twenty might have been ſtuck full of rings.

Fran.

Fran. This founds queerly, and muft be fathom'd;—[*afide.*]—Mr. Quartermafter, I will but carry a note from the Major to my Lady, and return immediately; and in the mean time, may I entreat your patience to wait for me here? I wifh to prate with you a little longer.

War. Do you love prattling, young Lady? Well, with all my heart. Go your ways, and I fhall be expecting you.

Fran. O, pray wait for me— [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

PAUL WARNER.

No unpleafant damfel this. But I fhould not have promifed to wait for her. The moft needful feems to beat up the Major's quarters. He pawns rather than take my money—That marks the man—[*Thinking.*]—I call'd lately upon Lieut. Shadley's widow. She, poor woman, was ill, and much diftreffed that her hufband died indebted to the Major 400 crowns, which fhe knew not how to pay. I was again with her to-day; and told her, when I received the money for my eftate, I could lend her 500 crowns; for I muft keep fomething in referve, if I give up the march to Egypt; but fhe fcorn'd all loans, and affuredly cannot have paid the Major!—It fhall be fo; and the fooner the better. The damfel muft not be offended, but I cannot ftay.——[*Going, deep in thought, and almoft ftumbles on the Major, who meets him.*]

SCENE VII.

TELLHEIM, WARNER.

Tell. Why ſo penſive, Warner?

War. O, here you are! I was now going to viſit your Honor in your new quarters.

Tell. To din my ears with curſes of my old landlord. Do not remind me of it.

War. Why, I fear I could not have refrained. But my principal intention was to thank you for your care of the hundred Loui d'ors which Trim has returned me.—To be ſure, I ſhould have been glad if you would have kept them for me longer; but you are removed into new quarters, of which both you and I are ignorant. They might have been ſtolen; and you muſt have indemnified me: it could not have been otherwiſe: ſo, to be ſure, I had no reaſon to expect the continuance of the favor.

Tell.—[*Smiling.*]—Where haſt thou acquired this foreſight, Warner?

War. In the way of the world! One cannot now-a-days be too cautious with one's money. But I am commiſſioned to deliver ſomething to your Honor from the widow Shadley. Her huſband died indebted to you 400 dollars. She ſends you by me 100 ducats in part; and you are to have the remainder next week. I might poſſibly be the cauſe of her not ſending you the whole ſum; for ſhe alſo owed me 80 dollars; and ſuppoſing I was come to dun her, (as in fact I was,) ſhe immediately paid me from the purſe ſet apart for you. But you can better ſpare your 100 Louis a week longer, than I my

few

few pence. Take your money.—[*Holding out the purſe.*]

Tell. Warner!

War. Well! wherefore fix you your eyes thus on me? Pray, Major, receive your money.

Tell. Warner!

War. What is it?—What diſtreſſes you?—

Tell.—[*In a bitter tone ſtamping his foot, and ſtriking his forehead.*[—That ſomething is ſtill wanting to make up the 100 Louis!

War. Why,—Why, your Honor, did you not underſtand me?

Tell. Even becauſe I *did* underſtand thee! I ſeem devoted to be this day tormented by the beſt of mankind!

War. What ſay you?—

Tell. Thy part ſits ill upon thee.—Go, Warner. [*Puſhing away his hand with the purſe.*]

War. As ſoon as I am freed of this.

Tell. Warner, when thou heareſt the widow Shadley was with me early this morning—

War. So——

Tell. That ſhe now owes me nothing!

War. Indeed!

Tell. That ſhe has paid me every penny—What wilt thou then ſay?—

War.—[*Pauſing.*]—Why I will ſay, that I have lied; and that lying is a very miſerable deceit, one being generally caught in one's own ſnare.

Tell. And thou wilt be aſhamed of thyſelf?

War. And him who compels me to this meanneſs; ſhould he not likewiſe bluſh? Do you ſee, your Honor, if I ſaid your behaviour did not diſtreſs me, I ſhould lie again; and I will demean myſelf ſo no more.

Tell. Do not diſtreſs thyſelf, Warner.—I know thy heart, and thy regard for me; but I want not thy money.

War. You want it not! but prefer ſelling, pawning, and expoſing yourſelf?

Tell. Why, let the world know that I have nothing more. One ſhould not affect to appear richer than one really is.

War. But wherefore poorer? While our friends have, we have.

Tell. It becomes me not to be your debtor.

War. Not becoming! In a ſultry day, when the ſun and the enemy heated us, and your ſervant with the water canteen was miſſing, you came to me, ſaying, Warner, haſt thou nothing to drink? and when I reached you my can, you took it, and drank; did you not? Was that becoming? By my poor ſoul, a draught of cold water was then worth more than all this drug,—[*Offering him the money.*]—Here, dear Major, pray take it. Do but think it water! Providence hath provided that for every one—

Tell. Thou tortureſt me: Why, thou heareſt I will not be thy debtor.

War. At firſt it was not becoming; now you will not. Why, this alters the caſe.—[*Rather hurt.*]—You *will not* be my debtor! But if you be ſo already, Major? Or do you owe that man nothing who once prevented the ſtroke which would have cleft your head, and another time, ſever'd from the trunk the arm which was ready to piſtol you? What more can you owe this man? Or is my neck leſs worth than my purſe? If that be nobly thought, why, by my poor ſoul, it is likewiſe very abſurdly thought.

Tell.

Tell. With whom ſpeakeſt thou thus, Warner? We are alone, and now I dare mention it. If a third heard us, it were a gaſconade. I acknowledge, with pleaſure, that I twice owed my life to you; but, friend, was there any thing but the opportunity wanted for me to have done as much for thee?

War. Only the opportunity! Who doubted it, Major? Have I not repeatedly ſeen you venture your life for the meaneſt ſoldier?

Tell. Well then.

War. But——

Tell. Why wilt thou miſunderſtand me? I ſay, it becomes me not to be thy debtor. I will not be thy debtor; I will not be thy debtor; namely, in my preſent circumſtances!

War. So, ſo; you will defer it till better times: you will borrow of me when you are free from wants; when you will have money, and I, perhaps, ſhall have none.

Tell. We muſt not borrow when we know not how to repay.

War. Why the means cannot be long wanting to a man like you!

Tell. Thou knoweſt the world. At leaſt, one ſhould not borrow of a man who wants this money himſelf.

War. Wherefore do I want it? Subſiſtence never fails a uſeful quartermaſter.

Tell. Thou wanteſt it to be ſomewhat more than quartermaſter, to promote thyſelf, which, without money, the worthieſt cannot effect.

War. I think not of it. I am a tolerable quartermaſter, but ſhould be an indifferent lieutenant, and aſſuredly a worſe general. We have examples—

Tell.

Tell. Make me not think ill of thee, Warner! I was concerned to hear what Trim told me. Thou haſt ſold thy eſtate, and will ſerve again. I am unwilling to believe thou likeſt not thy profeſſion ſo well as the wild, diſſipated life with which it is unfortunately connected. We ſhould be ſoldiers for our country, or from affection to the cauſe for which we fight. To ſerve indifferently here to-day, and there to-morrow, is leading the life of a ruffian, nothing better.

War. Well, well, your Honor; I will obey you. You know beſt what is right. I will remain with you. But pray, dear Major, take my money. To-day, or to-morrow, your affairs muſt be ſettled: you will then roll in riches, and will reimburſe me with intereſt. Why, I only do it for the ſake of the intereſt!

Tell. No more of this.

War. By my poor ſoul, I only do it for the love of the intereſt. I have often ſaid to myſelf, how wilt thou exiſt, when wounds and old age diſable thee to earn thy bread; when thou wilt be reduced to beggary? I then replied, no, thou ſhalt not beg; but go to Major Tellheim; he will ſhare his laſt penny with thee, and will maintain thee till thy dying hour. With him thou may'ſt die like an honeſt fellow.

Tell.—[*Graſping Warner's hand.*]—And, Comrade, thinkeſt thou not ſtill this?

War. No; I think thus no longer. The man who will accept nothing from me when he wants, and I have, that man will neglect me when he hath, and I need. But 'tis well.—[*Going.*]—

Tell. Fellow ſoldier, don't diſtract me!—Whither wilt thou?—[*Stopping him:*]—If I give thee my honor that I ſtill have money, that thou

thou ſhalt know when I have no more, and be the firſt, and the only one, from whom I will borrow, wilt thou then be ſatisfied?

War. I muſt. Give me your Honor's hand upon it.

Tell. There, Paul; and now enough of this. I came hither to ſpeak with a certain damſel.

SCENE VIII

FRANCISCA, TELLHEIM, WARNER.

Fran.—[*Looking out of Lady Louiſa's chamber.*]—Are you ſtill there, Mr. Quartermaſter? And, Major, are you yet there?—This moment, I am at your ſervice:—[*retiring into the chamber.*]—

SCENE IX.

Tell. That was ſhe. But I hear, Warner, thou knoweſt her.

War. Yes, I know the damſel.

Tell. If I remember right, thou waſt with me in winter quarters.

War. No; I was foraging in Leipzig.

Tell. How come you then acquainted?

War. O, our acquaintance is yet blood young; only from to-day: but young acquaintance is warm.

Tell. Thou haſt then ſurely ſeen her miſtreſs, Lady Louiſa?

War. Is then her miſtreſs of quality? She told me you were acquainted.

Tell. Did'ſt hear ſhe came from Thuringia?

War. Is her Ladyſhip young?

Tell.

Tell. Yes.

War. Handſome?

Tell. Very handſome.

War. Rich?

Tell. Very rich.

War. Is the miſtreſs as partial to you as the maid? That would be excellent.

Tell. How mean'ſt thou?

SCENE X.

FRANCISCA *(with a letter) and the former.*

Fran. Major!

Tell. Dear Franciſca, I have not yet been able to bid thee welcome.

Fran. But your own thoughts have doubtleſs already done it. I know your eſteem for me, and you know my reſpectful regard for you: but it is not at all pretty to give people who love you ſo much vexation.

War.—[*Aſide.*]—Ha! ha! It is even ſo.

Tell. My fate, Franciſca!—Haſt thou given her my letter?

Fran. Aye, and here I return you——

Tell. An anſwer.

Fran. No; your own letter again.

Tell. Will ſhe not read it?

Fran. She would; but we are very awkward at reading writing.

Tell. You gipſey!

Fran. And we are, moreover, of opinion, that writing was not intended for thoſe who can talk together when they pleaſe.

Tell.

Tell. What a pretext! She muſt read it; it contains my juſtification; all the motives and reaſons——

Fran. Thoſe her Ladyſhip will hear from you, and not read them.

Tell. Hear from me! That her every word and action may confuſe me; that in each look I may keenly feel the bitterneſs of my loſs!

Fran. Here's your letter. She expects you at three o'clock. She wiſhes to ſee the city, and deſires you would accompany her.

Tell. Accompany her!

Fran. And if you behave properly, you ſhall ride by yourſelves, and I will ſtay at home.

Tell. By ourſelves!

Fran. In a very beautiful coach.

Tell. Impoſſible!

Fran. The Major muſt defend himſelf valiantly in the coach: there he cannot eſcape us; and therefore we thought of it. In a word, Major, you will be with us preciſely at three. But you wiſh'd to ſpeak with me alone. What are your commands? But I ſee you are not alone. [*Looking at Warner.*]

Tell. Yes, Franciſca, we are alone: but as her Ladyſhip declined reading my letter, I have therefore nothing to ſay to you.

Fran. So! We ſhould otherwiſe be alone. You have no ſecrets with Mr. Quartermaſter?

Tell. None.

Fran. Methinks though, you ſhould not truſt him with all.

Tell. Wherefore?

War. Why ſo, young lady?

Fran. With particular ſecrets of a certain nature.—All the twenty, Mr. Quartermaſter! [*Holding up all her fingers.*]

War. Hift! hift! young lady! young lady!

Tell. What means all this?

Fran. Prefto——'tis upon the finger, Mr. Quartermafter;—[*making figns of fecretly flipping on a ring.*]

Tell. What's the matter together?

War. Young lady! Young lady! Why you underftand joking!

Tell. Thou haft not forgot, Warner, what I have frequently faid, that we fhould never joke with females upon a certain fubject.

War. Upon my foul, I may have forgotten.—Young lady, I beg——

Fran. Well, as it was only joking, for this time I forgive you.

Tell. Well, if I abfolutely muft come, prithee, Francifca, let her Ladyfhip previoufly look over my letter; it will fpare me the anguifh of once more thinking and repeating things I fo much wifh to forget. There; give her it.—[*He perceives it hath been opened.*]—But, do not my eyes deceive me! Why the letter has been opened!

Fran. That—[*looking at it:*]—Indeed, the feal is broken.—Who can have opened it! But we have not read it, Major, that's poz. Nor will we read it, till the writer appears in perfon. Pray come then: and do you hear, dear Major, come not thus caparifon'd, in boots, and your hair undreffed. But it is excufable; you did not expect us. Come to us in fhoes, and your hair friz'd *en ton.* You look now too fierce, too Pruffian-like.

Tell. I thank thee, Francifca.

Fran. Why one would think you refted on your arms laft night!

Tell.

Tell. Thou may'ſt have divined it.

Fran. We will likewiſe bedizen ourſelves, and then dine. We ſhould be glad to keep you to dinner; but your preſence might prevent our eating; and, do you ſee, we are not altogether ſo much in love, but that we now and then hunger and thirſt.

Tell. I go. But, Franciſca, prepare her a little, that I may not appear contemptible in her eyes or my own.—Warner, thou ſhalt dine with me.

War. At the ordinary in this houſe? I ſhall not reliſh a morſel.

Tell. With me in my chamber.

War. I will follow you in an inſtant. Only one word more with the young lady.

Tell. This pleaſes me.

SCENE XI.

PAUL WARNER and FRANCISCA.

Fran. Well, Mr. Quartermaſter!

War. When I return, ſhould I appear ſmarter?

Fran. You may come in what trim you pleaſe, Mr. Quartermaſter; my eyes will find nothing amiſs in you; though my ears muſt be ſo much the more on their guard againſt you. Twenty fingers—all full of rings.—Ha, Mr. Quartermaſter.

War. No, no, young lady; it was not thus I meant to ſay; I was more merry than wiſe; and more than an hundred times have I heard the Major ſay, the ſoldier who ſeduces a virtuous girl is a villain; and I think ſo too, young lady. But I muſt not make his Honor wait for me. So, young lady, your ſervant.

Fran. Your's, Mr. Quartermaſter.—Methinks I do not diſlike the man.—[*Going off, her Ladyſhip meets her.*]

SCENE XII.

LADY LOUISA, FRANCISCA.

Lady Lou. Is the Major gone again already, Franciſca! I was tolerably compoſed with the aſſurance that I could have kept him here.

Fran. And I will make you ſtill more compoſed.

Lady Lou. My good girl! his letter—oh! his letter!—each line proclaim'd the man of worth and honor; each denial to accept me, each reaſon for refuſing me, endears him more and more. He muſt have obſerved we had read the letter; at leaſt, I will take care he ſhall know it, if he comes; and come he certainly will: only his behaviour diſcovered rather too much pride, Franciſca. His obſtinacy, not even to be indebted to his miſtreſs for his happineſs, is pride, unpardonable pride! and ſhould he ſuffer this vice to predominate, Franciſca—

Fran. You will entirely renounce him.

Lady Lou. Malicious teazer! No, dear girl; a ſingle failing never makes us refuſe a man. No—But a thought occurs, by availing myſelf of his kind of pride, to torment him a little.

Fran. You muſt indeed be wonderfully compoſed, my Lady, to form ſuch ſchemes.

Lady Lou. Come along; thou haſt thy part to play in it.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Lady Louisa's *Apartment.*

[*Lady* Louisa, *dreſſed with elegance and ſplendor. She and Franciſca riſe from the table, which a ſervant removes.*]

Fran. You cannot poſſibly have din'd, my Lady?

Lady Lou. Doſt think ſo, Franciſca? Perhaps I wanted appetite.

Fran. We agreed not to talk about him at dinner, but we ſhould have likewiſe reſolved not to think about him.

Lady Lou. Indeed, I thought of nothing but him.

Fran. Indeed, I well obſerved it. I began to chatter of a hundred things, and you anſwered each queſtion in an abſent mood.

Lady Lou. I was meditating the lecture I intend for him. Thou fully underſtandeſt me, Franciſca?

Fran. O, yes!—But it will be much better, if he ſaves us the neceſſity of the lecture.

Lady Lou. Thou ſhalt ſee if I do not thoroughly know him. The man who now refuſes me, and all my wealth, will brave the world to have me, when he hears I am wretched and abandoned.

Fran.—[*Very grave.*]—And muſt ſelf-love indulge itſelf with ſuch dainty ſacrifices?

Lady Lou. Let me but have my own way, dear Franciſca; and thou ſhalt do what thou wilt with *thy* Quartermaſter!

Fran.

Fran. With *my* Quartermaſter!

Lady Lou. O! if thou denieſt it ſtoutly, the caſe is clear. I have not yet ſeen him; but, from each word thouettereſt of him, I prophecy he is thy man.

SCENE II.

RICCAUT DE LA MARLINIERE, LADY LOUISA, FRANCISCA.

Riccaut.—[*Behind the ſcenes.*]—Eſt il permit, Monſieur le Major?

Fran. Was that addreſſed to us?—[*going to the door.*]

Ric. Parbleu!—I be not right!—Mais non, I be right—C'eſt ſa chambre.

Fran. Moſt aſſuredly, my Lady, this gentleman ſuppoſes the Major ſtill here!

Ric. Even ſo!—Le Major de Tellheim; juſte, ma belle enfant, c'eſt lui que je cherche; ou eſt il?

Fran. He lodges no longer here.

Ric. Comment! Twenty-four hours ago he lodge here! and no lodge here now? Where he lodge then?

Lady Lou.—[*Approaching him.*]—Sir—

Ric. Ah, Madame! Mademoiſelle, your Ladiſhip's pardon.

Lady Lou. Sir, your miſtake is very excuſable, and your aſtoniſhment very natural. The Major, perceiving I was a ſtranger, and no lodgings to be procured, has had the complaiſance to reſign his apartment to me.

Ric.

Ric. Ah, voila de ſes politeſſes! C'eſt un tres galant homme, que ce Major la!

Lady Lou. I am really aſhamed not to know whither he has removed himſelf.

Ric. Your Ladiſhip not know! C'eſt domage j'en ſuis faché.

Lady Lou. I ſhould, above all things, have inform'd myſelf of this circumſtance. His friends will certainly ſeek him here.

Ric. I be ver much of his friend—Your Ladiſhip——

Lady Lou. Doſt not know, Franciſca?

Fran. No, my Lady.

Ric. I wiſh much to ſpeak to him. I bring him ver joyful news.

Lady Lou. I am the more concerned. But I hope ſoon to ſpeak with him. If it be immaterial from what mouth he hears this good intelligence, I offer my ſervices to you, Sir.

Ric. I underſtand, Madame—Parle Francois? mais ſans doute, telle que je la voie; la demande etoit bien impolie; vous me pardonnerez, Madame?

Lady Lou. Sir!

Ric. Your Ladiſhip not ſpeak French!

Lady Lou. Were I in France, Sir, I ſhould endeavor to talk it; but wherefore here? I perceive you underſtand me; ſo ſpeak as you pleaſe; I ſhall comprehend you.

Ric. Good, good; I can make myſelf underſtand. Sachez donc, Mademoiſelle. Miladi muſt know that I come from the table of the ſecretaire; ſecretaire of—ſec—what is call'd the ſecretaire yonder, in the long ſtreet by the large ſquare?

Lady Lou. I am entirely a ſtranger here.

Ric.

Ric. Ah, the ſecretaire at war. I did dine there; I dine á l'ordinaire with him; and there was ſpoke of the Major Tellheim; and la miniſtre m'á dit en confidence, car ſon excellence eſt de mes amis; and il n'y a point de miſteres entre nous. I will ſay, his excellence confided in me, the Major's affaire to be on the point of to finiſh, and to finiſh good. He made a report to the king, tout á fait en faveur du Major. Monſieur, m'á dit ſon excellence, cela fait un tres joli garçon, que ce Tellheim; and ne faisje pas, que vous l'aimez; les amis de mes amis ſont auſſi les miens. What your Ladiſhip ſay? Ah, que ſon excellence á le cœur bien placé. He aſſure me, when the Major not already receive une lettre de la main royal, a letter royal, that to-day he infalliblement muſt one have.

Lady Lou. Moſt aſſuredly, Sir, this intelligence will be very acceptable to the Major. I could wiſh to mention to him the friend's name who is ſo heartily intereſted in his good fortune.

Ric. Your Ladiſhip wiſh to know my name? Vous voyez en moi—Your Ladiſhip ſee in me le Chevalier Riccaut de la Marliniere, Seigneur de Pret au Val, de la branche de Prens'or. Miladi be aſtoniſhed at my great family; qui eſt veritablement du ſang royale, ſince eleven years old I ſerve: une affaire d'honneur made me fly. I ſerve then his Holineſs the Pope, St. Marino's Republic, the Crown Poland, and the States-General; till at laſt I be come here. Ah! had I keep the States-General ſervice, I been at leaſt colonel: but here, ever and ever captain remain; and now a diſbanded captain.

Lady Lou. That is very unfortunate.

Ric.

Ric. Oui, Mademoiſelle; me voilà reformé; & par lá mis ſur le pavé!

Lady Lou. I pity you exceedingly.

Ric. Vous étes bien bonne, Mademoiſelle. No, merit here be not known. A man like me diſcharged: a man comme moi! who, moreover himſelf in the ſervice ruined. Vingt mille livres gone! What I have now? tranchons le mot; je n'ai pas le ſou; & me voilà exactement vis à vis du rien.

Lady Lou. It really gives me infinite concern.

Ric. Vous êtes bien bonne, Mademoiſelle: but as one has cuſtom to ſay, a misfortune always a brother have; qu'un malheur ne vient jamais ſeul; ſo happen with me, what un honnête homme of mine extraction can do for reſſource than play? Me always play with fortune when I not vant fortune; and now me her vant; je joue avec un guignon qui ſurpaſſe toute croyance. Since fifteen days, not one paſs, but ſhe jaded me. Yeſterday I was three times debanqué; je ſais bien qu'il y'avoit quelque choſe de plus que le jeu, car parmis mes pontes ſe trouvoient certaines dames.—I ſay no more; we muſt be galant to ladies: To-day they invite me to give me revanche—mais—vous m'entendez, Mademoiſelle; one muſt the firſt know on what to live, before one knows on what to play.

Lady Lou. I dare not ſuppoſe, Sir,——

Ric. Vous êtes bien bonne, Mademoiſelle.

Lady Lou.—[*Taking Franciſca on one ſide.*]—Franciſca, really the man diſtreſſes me. Thinkeſt thou he would be offended, were I to offer him ſomewhat?

Fran. He looks not as if he wou'd be affronted.

Lady Lou. Good!—Sir, I perceive you are an adept at cards; that you make Pharoah banks, doubtlefs, at places where fomething may be won. I muft confefs to you that I likewife am prodigioufly fond of playing.

Ric. Tant mieux, Mademoifelle; tant mieux; tous les gens d'efprit, aiment le jeu á la fureur.

Lady Lou. I am very defirous of winning, and refign with pleafure my money to a man who underftands the routine. Are you difpos'd to take me into partnerfhip? to grant me a fhare in your bank?

Ric. Comment, Madame; vous voulez être de moitié avec moi; de tout mon cœur.

Lady Lou. Only a trifle for a beginning:—[*fetching fome money.*]

Ric. Ah, Mademoifelle, que vous étes charmante.

Lady Lou. Thefe are my laft winnings; only ten piftoles. I am afham'd to advance fuch a trifle.

Ric. Donnez, toujours, Mademoifelle—donnez—[*taking it.*]

Lady Lou. Your bank is doubtlefs very confiderable?

Ric. Yes, ver confiderable—Ten piftoles.—Your Ladifhip fhall be interefted for the third, pour le tiers; with pretty lady muft not be too exact. I congratulate me to be connected with your Ladifhip; and dès ce moment je commence á bien augurer de ma fortune.

Lady Lou. I cannot be with you, Sir, when you play.

Ric.

Ric. It is not neceſſaire your Ladiſhip be there: nous autres be ver honeſt with one another.

Lady Lou. If we be fortunate, you will bring me my ſhare; but if we be unlucky——

Ric. Why then I come for recruits, my Ladi. Shall I not?

Lady Lou. But at length the recruits may fail: ſo you had beſt make a ſtout defence with our caſh.

Ric. What! your Ladiſhip think me a pigeon! a novice!—

Lady Lou. Pardon me.

Ric. Je ſuis des bons, Madam; ſavez vous, ce que cela veut dire!—I be of the knowing ones.

Lady Lou. But, however, Sir——

Ric. Je fais monter un coup.

Lady Lou.—[*Aſtoniſh'd.*]—What!

Ric. Je file la carte avec une addreſſe extraordinaire.

Lady Lou. What is it I hear!

Ric. Je fais ſauter la coupe avec une dexterité!

Lady Lou. You are not ſerious, my good Sir?

Ric. Et, why not? Your Ladiſhip, pourquoi non? Donnez moi un pigeonneau á plumér &——

Lady Lou. What, play unfairly!—Cheat!

Ric. Comment, Madame; vous appellez cela cheat? Corriger la fortune, l'enchainer, ſous ſes doigts, être ſur de ſon fait, that you call cheat. Cheat! O! your's is the pauvre language, the rough tongue.

Lady Lou. Nay, Sir, if thefe be your fentiments——

Ric. Laiffez moi faire, Mademoifelle, and you be eafy. It fignify not to you how I play. Enough. To-morrow, your Ladifhip either fee me again with hundred piftoles, or fee me no more. Votre tres humble, Madame; votre tres humble.—[*Hurrying off.*]

Lady Lou.—[*Looking after him aftonifh'd, and concern'd.*]—The laft, Sir, the laft, Sir, I beg——

SCENE III.

LADY LOUISA, FRANCISCA.

Fran.—[*eagerly.*]—At length I can get in a word!—O! fine!—O! delightful!——

Lady Lou. You may abufe me; I deferve it: [*after a moment's reflection, in a fofter tone.*] No, do not abufe me; I do not deferve it.

Fran. Admirable!—You have done a noble deed! fet a fharper on his legs again!

Lady Lou. It was meant for an unfortunate—

Fran. And, to compleat the affair, the fellow thinks you of the gang. O! I muft be after him, and recover the money.—[*Going.*]

Lady Lou. Francifca, the coffee will be quite cold; pray pour it out.

Fran. He muft refund.—You have chang'd your mind; you will not play in partnerfhip with him.—Ten piftoles! why you heard, my Lady, he was a beggar.—[*Lady Louifa pours out coffee for herfelf.*]—Who would throw away fo much on a beggar, and moreover endeavour to fpare him the humility of begging it? Thofe generous

nerous minds who, in conferring favors, would evade the obligation, are too often requited with ridicule and ingratitude. Your Ladyſhip will ſmart for it, if he conſider your gift for I know not what—[*Lady Louiſa gives Franciſca a diſh.*] Will you heat my blood ſtill more? I beg to be excus'd drinking any.—[*Lady Louiſa takes the cup away.*]—Parbleu! your Ladiſhip merit be here not known.—[*In the Frenchman's tone.*]—No, indeed, when ſuch raſcals are ſo freely tolerated.

Lady Lou.—[*Drinking her coffee very compoſedly.*]—Girl, thou art an admirable panegyriſt of good men; but when wilt thou learn to bear with the bad? for they are likewiſe human creatures, and frequently nothing like ſo bad as they appear to be. Our object ſhould be to find out only their good ſide. I conceive now that this Frenchman is merely vain: he affects the ſharper from vanity; he will not ſeem obliged to me. Perhaps he is now gone to diſcharge his various ſmall debts, to live ſparingly and quietly on the remainder, and abandon all thoughts of gaming. If it be thus, dear Franciſca, let him beat up for recruits whenever he pleaſes.—[*Gives her the cup.*]—There, ſet it away.—But ſhould not Tellheim be already here?

Fran. No, my Lady. I am equally incapable of diſcriminating the good qualities of the bad and the vicious propenſities of the good.

Lady Lou. However, he will certainly come?

Fran. He ſhould ſtay away. You remark in him, even in him, the beſt of men, a little pride, and therefore you will ſo cruelly deceive him.

Lady Lou. What, art thou at it again? Hold thy tongue; I will have it ſo. If thou ſpoileſt me this project, if thou doſt not perform and ſay every thing as we have concerted it, I will leave thee alone with him, and then——Now he ſurely comes.

SCENE IV.

PAUL WARNER, *(entering in a formal parade march,)* LADY LOUISA, FRANCISCA.

Fran. No, it is only his dear Quartermaſter.

Lady Lou. *Dear* Quartermaſter! To whom does this *dear* refer?

Fran. Pray, my Lady, do not confuſe the good man.—Your ſervant, Mr. Quartermaſter. What do you bring us?

War.—[*Marches up to Lady Louiſa without minding Franciſca.*]—His Honor, Major Tellheim, preſents his reſpectful compliments to the Honourable Lady Louiſa Barnhelm, by me, his Quartermaſter Warner, and commands me to ſay, that he will very ſoon make his perſonal appearance.

Lady Lou. Where is he then?

War. Your Ladyſhip will pardon us. We left our quarters before the clock ſtruck three; but the paymaſter of the forces obliged him to halt; and becauſe with theſe gentry a conference never comes to a concluſion, his Honor gave me the ſignal to make the report to your Ladyſhip.

Lady Lou. I thank you, Mr. Quartermaſter; and wiſh the paymaſter may have ſome agreeable intelligence for the Major.

War. That ſeldom happens between the officers and theſe gentry. Has your Ladyſhip any commands for me?—[*Going.*]

Fran. What! already going, Mr. Quartermaſter? I thought we were to have had a little chat together?

War.—[*Softly and ſeriouſly to Franciſca.*]—Not here, young lady; it is contrary to reſpect; againſt all ſubordination.—I wait your Ladyſhip's orders.

Lady Lou. I am much obliged to you for your trouble, Mr. Quartermaſter, and rejoice at this opportunity of knowing you. Franciſca has ſpoken very highly of you.—[*Warner makes a ſtiff bow, faces about, and marches off.*]

SCENE V.

Lady Louisa, Francisca.

Lady Lou. This then is *thy* Quartermaſter, Franciſca?

Fran. Yes, my Lady; this is *my* Quartermaſter. You find him, doubtleſs, a formal drill'd animal; and juſt now I almoſt thought him ſo too; but I remark'd, before your Ladyſhip he imagined he muſt be at the parade order; and when ſoldiers parade, why, to be ſure, they ſeem rather puppets than men. But you ſhould ſee and hear him when ſtanding at eaſe.

Lady Lou. O! that muſt be a rare ſight!

Fran. Moſt probably he is ſtill in the houſe. May I not have a few minutes chat with him?

Lady

Lady Lou. It grieves me to deny thee this pleaſure; but thou muſt remain here, Franciſca, and be preſent at our meeting. Another conceit occurs:—[*taking her ring from her finger.*]—There, take my ring; be careful of it; and give me the Major's.

Fran. Why ſo?—[*Goes for the other ring.*]

Lady. Lou. I do not well know myſelf; but methinks I foreſee where it may be uſeful. Some one knocks. Be quick, and give it me. —[*Putting it on.*]—'Tis him.

SCENE VI.

Tellheim, (*in the ſame coat, but in other reſpects dreſt, as Franciſca deſir'd,*) Lady Louisa, Francisca.

Tell. My Lady, you will excuſe my delay.

Lady Lou. O! Major! we will not exact ſuch military preciſeneſs. You are here! and the expectation of a pleaſure is not ungratifying.—[*Smiling.*]—Dear Tellheim! were we not children the laſt time we met?

Tell. Yes, children my Lady; children who made reſiſtance where they ſhould have followed peaceably and quietly.

Lady Lou. We will take an airing, my dear Major, to look about the city, and then meet my uncle.

Tell. What!

Lady Lou. Why, you know we have not as yet had an opportunity to talk the moſt eſſential matter over together. I expect the Earl in a few hours. An accident occaſioned my being here before him.

Tell.

Tell. The Earl of Bellvale! has he returned?

Lady Lou. The troubles of the war compell'd him to retire to Italy: Peace reſtores him to us. Be not apprehenſive, Tellheim. We formerly feared the ſtrongeſt hinderance of our union from him.

Tell. Our union!

Lady Lou. He is now your friend. He has heard too much good of you not to eſteem you. He is anxious to know the man on whom his ſole heireſs has fix'd her choice. He comes as uncle, guardian, father, to deliver me to you.

Tell. Ah! Lady Louiſa, why would you not read my letter?

Lady Lou. Your letter! Oh, I recollect you ſent me one. What became of this letter, Franciſca? Did we read it? or did we not read it? What was it you wrote me, dear Tellheim?

Tell. Nothing but what honor commanded.

Lady Lou. That is, not to deſert an honeſt girl who loves you. To be ſure, honor commands that. I ſhould certainly have read this letter; but, however, what I did not read, you know, I can hear.

Tell. Yes, you ſhould hear it.

Lady Lou. No, I do not even wiſh to hear it: it explains itſelf. Could you be guilty of ſo mean an action as now to reject me? Do you know it would ſtigmatize my whole life? My countrywomen would point at me with contempt. That's ſhe, they would ſay, that's Lady Louiſa, who conceited, becauſe ſhe was rich, ſhe ſhould marry the brave Tellheim; as if all brave men were to be caught by money! Such would be the cry; for all my countrywomen envy me. They cannot deny my being rich;

but they will not allow my being good enough to deserve a Tellheim.—Is't not so?

Tell. Yes, yes, my Lady; there I mark your countrywomen. To be sure, they will heartily envy you—A disbanded, honor-wounded officer! a cripple! a beggar!

Lady Lou. What, all these!—Methinks, I heard somewhat of this before dinner. Here's a mixture of the good and the evil. You say, you are disbanded: I thought your regiment was only reformed. Whence comes it that a man of your merit was not retained?

Tell. Oh! it is all extremely natural. The great are convinced a soldier does little for them through inclination; not much from duty; but all for his own honor. How are they then indebted to him? The peace has rendered many of my comrades superfluous; and, at all events, no one is indispensable to them.

Lady Lou. You talk like a man to whom the great are very superfluous, and never were they more so than now. I am greatly obliged to the great for having ceded their pretensions to a man, whom I shou'd most unwillingly have shared with them. I am your comrade, Tellheim. You want no other commander! I could never have flattered myself with the happiness of finding you discharg'd. But you are not only discharg'd, you are still more; you are a cripple, you say. Well,—[*surveying him,*]—the cripple is tolerably straight and entire, and seems pretty strong and healthy. Dearest Tellheim, if you think to succeed in begging, upon the credit of your maim'd limbs, I prophecy that you will receive no alms, but from the doors of such good-hearted girls as myself.

Tell.

Tell. Now, in the dear Louiſa I only hear the giddy, laughter-loving girl.

Lady Lou. And in your reproach, I only *hear* the *dear Louiſa.* I will be giddy no longer; for I recollect you are ſomewhat of a cripple. A ball has weakened your right arm; but, every thing conſider'd, that may not be much amiſs; for I am ſo much the more ſecure from your blows.

Tell. My Lady!

Lady Lou. You are going to ſay, you have not the ſame ſafe-guard from mine. Well, well, dear Major, I truſt it will never come to that extreme.

Tell. You are merry, my Lady. I am ſorry I cannot join in your mirth.

Lady Lou. And why not? what objection have you to cheerfulneſs? Cannot we be merry and wiſe? Mirth makes us much more reaſonable creatures than ſorrow. The proof is clear: your volatile Louiſa is a better judge of your circumſtances than yourſelf. Becauſe you are diſbanded, you ſay your honor is wounded; becauſe you have been ſhot in your arm, you call yourſelf a cripple. Is this reaſonable? Is it not rather overacted? It is my maxim to ridicule all hyperboles. The beggar muſt undergo an examination; and I will venture to prove that title unfounded. You poſſibly have loſt your equipage once, twice or thrice; you may have been defrauded by this or that banker; you may deſpair of recovering ſeveral of your advances made for the ſervice; but are you therefore a beggar? Were even nothing remaining but what my uncle brings you?——

Tell. Your uncle cannot bring me any thing, my Lady.

Lady Lou. Nothing, but the 2000 piſtoles you ſo generouſly advanc'd our States.

Tell. Oh! Lady Louiſa; had you but read my letter!

Lady Lou. Well, then, I have read your letter; but its purport is to me an enigma: it is impoſſible to ſophiſticate a noble action into a crime. Pray explain yourſelf, dear Major.

Tell. You remember, my Lady, I had orders to levy the contributions in your neighbourhood with the utmoſt rigour. I could not exert this rigour; and ſo I advanc'd the deficiency.

Lady Lou. Yes, well do I remember: for, from that cauſe, I lov'd you ere I ſaw you.

Tell. The States gave me their bills of exchange; and, on confirmation of the peace, I wiſh'd to enter them among the legal debts. The bills were acknowledg'd good, but my right in them was diſputed. They ridicul'd me, when I aſſured them I had paid their value in caſh. They declar'd I was corrupted by the States, becauſe I ſo mildly compounded with them for the ſmalleſt ſum, which I was only empowered to do at the laſt extremity. Therefore, ſhould theſe bills be ever paid, it will aſſuredly not be unto me.—From theſe cauſes, my Lady, I hold myſelf diſhonored; not from my diſcharge, which, had I not received, I ſhould have demanded.—You look grave, Lady Louiſa. Why don't you laugh?—Ha, ha, ha!—You ſee I laugh.

Lady Lou. O, ſtifle that laugh, my Tellheim, I conjure you: it is the deſpairing laughter of the miſanthrope. No, you are not the man to repent

repent of a good action, becaufe it is mifconftrued to your prejudice.—This injuftice cannot poffibly continue; the truth muft at length triumph. The teftimonial of my uncle, our States——

Tel. Your Uncle!—Your States!—Ha, ha, ha!

Lady Lou. Tellheim, your laughter kills me! If you confide in virtue and Providence, laugh not thus! Curfes never fhock'd me fo much. Let us fuppofe the worft: if here your merit be flighted, with us it will not be neglected; and if our States retain any particle of juftice, I know what they muft do. But whither am I wandering? Do but imagine, Tellheim, you had loft thefe 2000 piftoles, by unfuccefsful play; the king was an unlucky card; the queen [*pointing to herfelf*] will be the more favorable to you. Believe me, Providence always indemnifies the honeft man.—The action which depriv'd you of 2000 piftoles, made me your conqueft: I fhould never elfe have been fo anxious for your acquaintance. You know I came uninvited into the firft company, where I hop'd to meet you: for you alone I came. I came with the ftrongeft prepoffeffion to love you, with the determin'd refolution to marry you, were you black and jealous as the Moor of Venice. You are neither black nor ugly, nor will you be jealous: but, Tellheim!—Tellheim!—you neverthelefs much refemble him—O! fave me from the wild inflexible fpirits, who for ever fix their haughty looks on the gothic phantom of honor, and harden themfelves againft every fofter feeling. Hither direct your eyes, my Tellheim, here on me.—[*Tellheim throwing his eyes about in a wild diftracted manner.*]—On what are you thinking? You hear me not!

Tell.

Tell.—[*Confus'd.*] O, yes! But, my Lady Louiſa, how came the Moor into the Venetian ſervice? Had he no country? Why, like a mercenary, did he let out his arm and his blood to a foreign ſtate?

Lady Lou.—[*Frightened.*]—My Tellheim, what bewilders you? Now, indeed, is it time to conclude. Come then.—[*Taking him by the hand*]—Franciſca, order the carriage to the door.

Tell.—[*Tearing himſelf from Lady Louiſa, and ſtopping Franciſca.*]—No, Franciſca, I cannot have the honor of attending her Ladyſhip. Louiſa, do not quite deſtroy my ſhatter'd reaſon, but ſuffer me to depart. I make what reſiſtance I can; and while the conſciouſneſs of ſelf remains, hear my unalterable deciſion. If fortune ſtill perſiſts in perſecuting me, if circumſtances do not entirely change, if—

Lady Lou. I muſt interrupt you, Major. We ſhould have immediately mentioned our viſitor to him, Franciſca; but thou putteſt me in mind of nothing. Our diſcourſe would have aſſumed a different tone. Tellheim, if I had prefac'd it with the good news the Chevalier de la Marliniere came juſt now to bring you——

Tell. The Chevalier de la Marliniere!—Who is he?

Fran. He may be a mighty excellent kind of man, Major, excepting—

Lady Lou. Hold thy tongue, girl;—likewiſe a diſbanded officer, from the ſervice of the States.

Tell. O! the Lieutenant Riccaut!

Lady Lou. He profeſs'd himſelf your friend.

Tell. And I profeſs myſelf not his.

Lady Lou. And that I know not what minister told him in confidence, your affairs would soon come to a very honorable conclusion; and that a letter from his majesty must be posting to you.

Tell. How came Riccaut and a minister together? Something, however, must be in agitation about my affairs; for just now the paymaster assur'd me, the king had annull'd all the charges against me, and that I was released from my parole, not to leave this place till I receiv'd the royal permission; and thus, probably, all will end.—But they are mistaken: I will not decamp. No; sooner shall torture tear me before the eyes of my calumniators——

Lady Lou. Obstinate man!

Tell. I require no favor: I will have justice. My honor——

Lady Lou. The honor of a man like you!

Tell.—[*Warmly.*]—No, Lady Louisa. However excellent your judgment, in this point you cannot decide. Honor is not the acquittal of our conscience, not the testimony of integrity.

Lady Lou. No, no, I know full well, honor is honor.

Tell. My Lady!—My Lady!—You would not let me finish. I was going to say, till my effects be restored me, till my injur'd honor has ample reparation, I cannot be yours: for to the world I must seem unworthy of you. Lady Louisa Barnhelm deserves an irreproachable man. It is a mean selfish passion which hesitates not to expose its object to contempt. That man is base and illiberal, who submits to owe his fortune to a lady whose blind tenderness——

Lady

Lady Lou. And thefe are your real fentiments, Major?—[*Haftily turning her back upon him.*]—Francifca.

Tell. Be not offended, my Lady.

Lady Lou. [*Afide to Francifca.*] Surely now is the time. What thinkeft thou, Francifca?

Fran. I advife nothing; but undoubtedly he exceeds all bounds.

Tell. You are offended, my Lady.

Lady Lou.—[*Pettifhly.*]—Not in the leaft.

Tell. If I loved you lefs, my Lady——

Lady Lou.—[*Pettifhly.*]—Moft affuredly it were my misfortune! And mark me, Major; neither will *I* injure *you.* Love muft be entirely difinterefted. It is well I was not more frank and open-hearted: perhaps your pity would have granted what your love denied me.—[*Drawing her ring flowly from her finger.*]

Tell. What is it you mean, my Lady?

Lady Lou. No, neither muft make the other more or lefs happy: fo true love will have it. I believe you, Major, and you have too much honor to miftruft love.

Tell. Are you jefting, my Lady?

Lady Lou. Here, receive your ring, with which you pledg'd me eternal conftancy: —[*Offering him the ring.*]—And therefore we will no longer be acquainted——

Tell. What is it I hear!

Lady Lou. Does this furprize you? Take it, Sir.—You have not furely left yourfelf deftitute.

Tell.—[*Taking the ring.*]—My God! Can Louifa fpeak thus!

Lady Lou. In one predicament you cannot be mine; I cannot any way be yours. Your misfortune

ſortune is doubtful: mine alas! is certain. Farewell!—[*Going.*]——

Tell. Whither? whither? deareſt Louiſa?

Lady Lou. Sir, you now diſgrace me by that tender expreſſion.

Tell. What can all this mean, my Lady?

Lady Lou. Leave me!—Traitor, let me conceal my tears from thee. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

TELLHEIM, FRANCISCA.

Tell. Her tears! And can I leave her thus? [*Following her.*]

Fran.—[*Stopping him.*]—Not ſo, Major. Why, you would not purſue her Ladyſhip into her bed-chamber?

Tell. Her misfortune! Said ſhe not misfortune?

Fran. Yes, ſure. The misfortune of loſing you—after——

Tell. After!—How, after! Something remains untold! What is it, Franciſca? Speak! Say——

Fran. After ſhe—I would ſay, after ſhe has ſacrificed ſo much for you.

Tell. Sacrific'd for me!

Fran. Hear me, Major. You are very fortunate in having thus diſengaged yourſelf. Why ſhould the circumſtance be longer conceal'd from you? We eloped. The Earl has diſinherited his niece, becauſe ſhe would not accept the huſband of his choice. Deſerted by all, what was the alternative? We therefore reſolved to find him whom we——

Tell. Enough!—Let me haſten to throw myſelf at her feet.

Fran. What folly! Rather go, and return thanks to your good genius.

Tell. Wretch!—For whom doſt thou take me?—No, dear Franciſca, the counſel comes not from thy heart. Forgive my impetuoſity.

Fran. Do not detain me. Some accident may befall Lady Louiſa. Be gone now: but return again. When will you return?—[*Franciſca follows Lady Louiſa.*]——

SCENE VIII

Tell. But, Franciſca! O! I will await thee here. No, that is more important. If ſhe judges right, ſhe cannot refuſe me her pardon. Now, do I want *thee*, honeſt Warner. No, Louiſa, I am no traitor.—[*Hurrying off the ſtage.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Saloon.*

MAJOR TELLHEIM *and* QUARTERMASTER WARNER *enter on oppoſite ſides.*

Tell. Ha! Warner! I have been every where on the look out for thee. Where couldſt thou lurk concealed?

War. And I have been enquiring for your Honor. Thus it is with ſeeking. I bring your Honor good news.

Tell. Ah! I want not now thy good news; I want thy caſh. Preſto, Warner: give all thou haſt, and get me as much more as thou canſt.

War. Major! Now, by my ſoul, have I not ſaid, his Honor will borrow of me, when he himſelf has money to lend?

Tell. Thou art not ſurely ſeeking evaſions?

War. To ſhun my entreaties, he takes with the right hand, and returns with the left.

Tell. Do not detain me, Warner. I have the good will to repay thee; but how, and when, God knows.

War. Your Honor is not then yet inform'd, that an order is arrived to pay you your inveſtments. I juſt now heard it at——

Tell. What art thou prating about? Why ſo credulous, man?—Doſt not ſee!—Were it true, I muſt be the firſt to know it. In a word, Warner—Money!—Money!

War. Gladly! Willingly! Here is ſomewhat. —This purſe is full of gold: this of ſilver.— [*Preſenting both.*]——

Tell. Quick, Warner; give the hundred crowns to Trim. Let him redeem the ring he pawn'd early this morning. But where canſt thou procure more, Warner? I want much more.

War. Leave that to me, your Honor. The perſon who purchas'd my farm lives in the city. The term of payment is not till a fortnight hence: but the caſh lies ready; and a half per cent. diſcount——

Tell. Even ſo, dear Warner. Thou perceiveſt my ſole reſource lieth in thee; and I will unboſom myſelf. The Lady whom thou haſt ſeen here is unhappy.

War. Alas!

Tell. But to morrow ſhe becomes my bride.

War. O! joyful!

Tell. And the day after we depart. I *may* go: I *will* go, and abandon all here to *chance.* Who knows what good fortune is elſewhere in reſerve for me? Wilt thou join us, Warner? We will again enter into ſervice.

War. Indeed!—But where, dear Major?

Tell. Any where—Every where!—But now go, Warner: we will ſettle this hereafter.

War. O! my heart's-belov'd Major! the day after to-morrow. But why not rather to-morrow? I will collect the baggage. The Emperor, your Honor, is contending for family and country! Let us ſerve him.

Tell. May be. But now, prithee, diſpatch, Warner.

War. Huzza! Long live the Emperor!

[*Exit Warner.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

TELLHEIM *ſolus.*

How is it with me? a new impulſe animates my frame. My own diſaſters overwhelm'd me, render'd me fretful, ſhort-ſighted, timorous, indolent. Her diſtreſs elevates, invigorates. The miſt diſperſes. I look cheerfully around; and feel myſelf bold, and willing to undertake all in her cauſe. Why do I loiter?—[*Approaching Lady Louiſa's chamber, Franciſca comes out, and meets him.*]

SCENE III.

FRANCISCA, TELLHEIM.

Fran. Is it you? I thought it was your voice. What are your commands, Major?

Tell. My commands!—What is your Lady about? Come!

Fran. She is this inſtant going out.

Tell. And alone!—Without me!—Whither?

Fran. How! Have you forgotten, Major?

Tell. Thou art no ſimpleton, Franciſca. I irritated her; and ſhe was ſuſceptible. I will implore forgiveneſs, and ſhe will pardon me.

Fran. What, after taking back the ring, Major!

Tell. Ha! That was done in a reverie. Now I begin to recollect the ring.—[*Pulling it from his pocket.*]—Here it is.

Fran.

Fran. Is that the ring?—[*He puts it into his pocket.*]—Would he but examine it——

Tell. She forc'd it upon me, with ſuch bitter contempt. But that ſhall be obliterated. An overflowing heart cannot appreciate words. But ſhe will not heſitate a moment to re-accept the ring: and have I not ſtill her's?

Fran. That ſhe expects in return.—But where is it, Major? Pray ſhew it me.

Tell.—[*Somewhat confuſed.*]—I have ſomehow omitted to put it on.—Trim,—Trim,—will immediately bring it.

Fran. The one is very like the other.—Pray let me look at it.—The ſight of ſuch things is ſo highly gratifying——

Tell. Another time. Prithee, Franciſca, let us go to your miſtreſs.

Fran.—[*Aſide.*]—He will not be undeceived.

Tell. What ſayeſt thou? undeceived!

Fran. It is a deception, I ſay, if you ſtill imagine my lady to be a good match. Her own patrimony is inconſiderable. By the artifice of a pretended ſettlement, the adminiſtrators might ruin her. She expects every thing from her uncle. But this cruel uncle——

Tell. What of him? Am I not then adequate to make her ample reſtitution?

Fran. Do you hear?—She rings!—I muſt attend her.

Tell. I will accompany thee.

Fran. For heaven's ſake do not. She peremptorily order'd me to hold no communication with you. At leaſt, wait, and follow me.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

TELLHEIM *ſolus.*

[*Calling after her.*]—Announce me, plead for me, Franciſca. I ſhall inſtantly follow. What ſhall I ſay? Where the heart gives utterance, all preparation is needleſs. The only difficulty may be occaſioned by her heſitation; her reluctance to throw herſelf forlorn into my arms; her endeavor to counterfeit a contentment loſt thro' me! This miſtruſt of my honor, of her own worth, to exculpate herſelf:—for with me all is exculpated.—Ha! Here ſhe comes.

SCENE V.

LADY LOUISA, FRANCISCA, TELLHEIM.

Lady Lou.—[*Feigning not to ſee the Major.*] The carriage muſt be ready, Franciſca: my ſhawl.

Tell. Whither, my Lady?

Lady Lou.—[*With affected coolneſs.*]—Abroad, Major. You have, I preſume, troubled yourſelf to come here again to return me my ring. Pray deliver it to Franciſca. Franciſca, receive the ring from the Major: I have no time to loſe.—[*Going.*]

Tell.—[*Stepping before her.*]—Lady Louiſa! Ah! what have I heard? I was not deſerving of ſo much affection——

Lady Lou. So, Francifca—Thou haft difco-ver'd all!

Tell. Be not offended. In the eyes of the world you have facrificed much for me: in my eyes you are confiderably enrich'd thro' this facrifice; it was not familiariz'd to you—You fear'd its influence upon me—You were anxious to diffemble. I do not complain of this mif-truft; it fprings from the wifh not to lofe me. This wifh is my pride. You found me unfortu-nate, and you would not heap misfortune on misfortune. You cannot conceive how your adverfity obliterates mine——

Lady Lou. Vaftly well, Major. But it is al-ready decided: you are releafed from your obli-gation, and by re-taking your ring——

Tell. I agreed to nothing: but hold myfelf now more bound than ever. You are mine, Louifa; eternally mine.—[*Takes out the ring.*]—Accept a fecond time this pledge of my faith.

Lady Lou. This ring!—I take back this ring!

Tell. Yes, deareft Louifa!—Yes!——

Lady Lou. What do you defire of me?—This ring!——

Tell. You took this ring from my hand when our circumftances were mutually profperous. Af-fluence is vanifhed; but conformity remains. Equality is the ftrongeft band of love. Per-mit me, deareft Louifa.—[*Takes her hand to put on the ring.*]

Lady Lou. What! by conftraint, Major. I vow the world has not force to compell me to take back this ring. Think you I want a ring? Obferve, I wear one not lefs brilliant than yours.

Fran. Should he not yet comprehend.

Tell.

Tell.—[*Letting go Louiſa's hand.*]—How is this? I behold Lady Louiſa—But I cannot hear her—*You* are *not* deſtitute, I perceive. Pardon me for applying your words———

Lady Lou.—[*In her real voice.*]—Did my expreſſion offend you, Major?

Tell. It gave me pain.

Lady Lou.—[*Affectionately.*]—It muſt not, Tellheim. Forgive me.

Tell. Ah! this endearing tone tells me that Louiſa has reſum'd herſelf; that ſhe ſtill loves me.

Fran.—[*Eagerly.*]—The joke was nearly carried too far.

Lady Lou.—[*Pettiſhly.*]—May I entreat thee, Franciſca, to ſpare thy interference.

Fran.—[*Aſide.*]—How! not yet enough!

Lady Lou. Yes, Sir, it were, indeed, female vanity in me to affect reſerve and diſdain. Away with ſuch diſſimulation: you deſerve to meet ſincerity equal to your own. I ſtill love thee, Tellheim; I ſtill love thee. But, nevertheleſs——

Tell. No further, deareſt Louiſa! No further! [*Retakes her hand to put on the ring.*]

Lady Lou.—[*Withdrawing her hand.*]—Nevertheleſs, this never can be permitted.—No, never. Whither are you ruſhing? Methinks you have enough to endure in your own ſufferings. You muſt remain here, and challenge the fulleſt reparation. I cannot, in my haſte, recollect an apter word.—Challenge! even though, through miſery, you were periſhing by-inches before the eyes of your perſecutors.——

N Tell.

Tell. So thought I; ſo ſaid I; when, alas! I knew not what I thought, or what I ſaid. Smother'd rage and indignation had clouded my ſoul. Even love, in the plenitude of bliſs, in the full blaze of proſperity, cou'd not penetrate the gloom: but ſhe deputes her daughter Compaſſion, whoſe tearful ſorrows diſſolve the miſt, and again diffuſe each tender feeling through my frame. The impulſe of independency revives in the proſpect of acquiring ſomething ſuperior to myſelf, to obtain it by myſelf. Be not, my Lady, offended by the term compaſſion. It may be endured from the innocent cauſe of our ſuffering: I am this cauſe. Through me, Louiſa, thou haſt loſt friends and relatives, country and property. Through me, theſe bleſſings muſt be recovered; or the ruin of the moſt amiable of her ſex will ſit heavy on my ſoul. Let me not contemplate a future, which muſt make me execrate myſelf. No! nothing ſhall longer detain me here. No! from this moment I will oppoſe nought but contempt to the injuries that here encounter me. Is this province the world?—Doth not the ſun riſe elſewhere?—To what may I not aſpire?—What ſervice will be refuſed me?—Muſt it even be ſought under the moſt remote ſky, follow me reſolutely, deareſt maid. We will not want. I poſſeſs a tried friend, whoſe delight is in my ſupport.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

A CHASSEUR, TELLHEIM, LADY LOUISA, FRANCISCA.

Fran.—[*Perceiving the Chaſſeur.*]—Hiſt! Major Tellheim!

Tell.—[*Approaching the Chaſſeur.*]—May I enquire whom you are ſeeking.

Chaſſ. I am enquiring for Major Tellheim.—Ah! I behold him in your Honor. I am commanded, Sir, to deliver into your hands this letter from his Majeſty, in conformity to the direction.

Lady Lou. Franciſca, doſt hear? The Chevalier ſpoke truth.

Chaſſ.—[*Whilſt Tellheim is receiving the letter.*] I beg your Honor's pardon. You ſhould have had this letter yeſterday; but I could not diſcover your quarters until inform'd of them this morning by Lieutenant Riccaut on the parade.

Fran. Do you hear, my Lady? This explains the Chevalier's miniſter—The miniſter there in the great ſquare.

Tell. I am infinitely obliged to you for your trouble.

Chaſſ. It is my duty, your Honor.

[*Exit Chaſſeur.*

SCENE VII.

LADY LOUISA, FRANCISCA, TELLHEIM.

Tell. Ah! my Lady, what hold I here? What can this letter contain?

Lady Lou. I am not accuſtomed to indulge my curioſity to ſuch an extent.

Tell. How! Do you ſtill ſeparate my deſtiny from yours! But why ſhould I heſitate to break the ſeal? It cannot make me more wretched than I am. No, deareſt girl, it cannot render *us* more wretched; but may poſſibly meliorate our condition.—Permit me—[*Opens the letter, whilſt the Landlord enters unperceived.*]

SCENE VIII.

SHARK, *and the former.*

Shark.—[*to Franciſca.*]—My beautiful creature, one word.

Fran. Mine hoſt, we do not yet know ourſelves what is in the letter.

Shark. Who wants to know about the letter? I come after the ring, which her Ladyſhip muſt inſtantly reſtore. Trim is come in great haſte to redeem it.

Lady Lou.—[*Approaching the Landlord.*]—Tell Trim it is already redeemed, and ſay moreover by whom; by me.—I will be reſponſible for all.—Get you gone. [*Exit Landlord.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

TELLHEIM, LADY LOUISA, FRANCISCA.

Fran. And now, my dearest Lady, do pray shake hands with the persecuted Major.

Lady Lou. Thou clamorous petitioner!—as if the knot would not soon untie itself.

Tell.—[*After reading with great emotion.*]—Ah! his royal spirit is here illustrated. Oh! my Lady, what grace, what benignity!—Beyond all expectation! beyond all deserving! My honor, my property—all—all restored! Peradventure, I do but dream!—[*Examining the letter, to be convinced he is not mistaken.*]—Read yourself, my Lady.—Pray read.

Lady Lou. No, Major, I am not so indiscreet!

Tell. Indiscreet!—The letter is to me!—Thy Tellheim, Louisa.—It contains what thy uncle cannot withhold. It must be read. Indeed it must.

Lady Lou. If it be any gratification to you, Major——[*She takes the letter, and reads.*]

"My dear Major Tellheim.

"This is to acquaint you, that the affair which render'd me solicitous concerning your honor is terminated highly to your credit. My brother investigated the calumny, and his testimony has more than ascertained your innocence. The treasury is directed to restore you your bills of exchange, and to reimburse all your advances. It is also my command that the paymaster's

maſter's objections to your accounts ſhould be quaſhed. Inform me if your health permits your reſuming ſervice. I ſhould lament to be deprived of an officer of your merit, bravery, and noble ſentiments.—Farewell.—

"Your affectionate King."

Tell. What ſays your Ladyſhip to this?

Lady Lou.—[*Folding, and returns the letter.*] I! nothing!

Tell. Nothing!

Lady Lou. That your ſovereign, who is a great perſonage, may alſo perchance be a good man. But what is that to me! He is not my ſovereign.

Tell. Nothing further!—No retroſpect!—No reference to ourſelves!—

Lady Lou. You reſume ſervice. The Major will become Lieutenant Colonel—Colonel, I congratulate you with all my heart.

Tell. Oh! know me better! As fortune reſtores me more than ſufficient to gratify the wiſhes of a reaſonable man, it muſt ſolely depend on my Louiſa, whether I ever again belong to any one but her! My life is dedicated to your ſervice. It is a thankleſs office to ſerve the great; replete with pain, with conſtraint, with humiliation. Louiſa diſdains the vanity to appreciate the huſband by place and title. She will love me for myſelf; and I renounce the world for her. I became a ſoldier from an attachment to I knew not what political maxim; and through the conviction, that it was requiſite for a gentleman to ſerve an apprenticeſhip in the profeſſion to familiarize himſelf with danger, weather and ſelf-denial. Dire neceſſity

could

could have alone compell'd me to confider this effay as my calling; this temporary occupation as my permanent duty. Being now uncontroul'd, my ambition is limited to contentment, which I fhall poffefs with thee, deareft Louifa! and in thy fociety invariably enjoy. Let us to-morrow be united; and then look around for fome retir'd, healthy, attractive retreat, wanting nothing but a happy pair to conftitute a paradife. There will we refide, and there fhall our days flow. What aileth thee, my Louifa? [*She feems uneafy, and endeavours to conceal her emotion.*]

Lady Lou.—[*Recovering herfelf.*]—You are very cruel, Tellheim, to fketch fuch an enchanting fcheme of felicity, which I muft renounce.—My loffes!——

Tell. Your loffes! what do you call your loffes? all of which Louifa may be deprived. Is not Louifa—She muft ever continue the moft amiable, lovelieft of beings! Great minded, and diffufing innocence and peace. Now and then a little wicked—Here and there fomewhat capricious: but fo much the better; fo much the more natural. Louifa were elfe a divinity, to be ador'd with awe and trembling—but whom I could not love.—[*Takes her hand to kifs.*]

Lady Lou.—[*Withdrawing her hand.*]—Not fo, Sir. Can this feducing, impetuous lover be the cold phlegmatic Tellheim? Can his returning fortune have lighted up this flame? I muft be permitted to temper this heat by fome cooling reflection. According to the Major's own reafoning, I heard him declare, it was an ungenerous attachment which hazarded to expofe its object to humiliation—Right, and I

alſo aſpire to the participation of ſuch honor.—When a great prince becomes intereſted in his welfare, can I admit his forgetting himſelf with me in the reveries of love? that the lofty-minded ſoldier ſhould degenerate into the whining ſhepherd? No, Major, no: follow the impulſe of your better genius.

Tell. Well then, if the great world be more attractive, the great world ſhall poſſeſs us.—How little, how contracted is this great world! You are dazzled with its bright ſide; but aſſuredly, Louiſa, you will—But till then let it reſt—Your accompliſhments cannot want admirers: Envy will not diminiſh my happineſs.

Lady Lou. No, Tellheim, this is not my meaning. I retrace to you the path of honor, without the intent of following you. There Tellheim requires an unſuſpected wife; not a runaway Saxon girl, who throws herſelf into his arms.

Tell. Who dares utter this?—Ah! Louiſa, I tremble, I tremble in conjecturing that any other than thyſelf could thus have ſpoken. My reſentment would not brook reſtraint.

Lady Lou. Well then, my prudence has remedied that evil. You would not endure the ſlighteſt joke, and yet each day you muſt have ſubmitted to the bittereſt ſarcaſms. In a word, Tellheim, hear my irrevocable reſolve, from which the world ſhall not deter me.

Tell. Before you ſpeak, Louiſa, I conjure you to reflect, you are about to decide upon my life or death.

Lady Lou. Without further demur, ſo ſure as I return'd you the ring with which you firſt pledg'd me your faith, ſo ſure as you receiv'd

back

back this ring, ſo ſurely ſhall the hapleſs Louiſa never be wedded to the fortunate Tellheim.

Tell. And is it thus you ſever our union?

Lady Lou. Equality is the firmeſt band of love. The happy Barnhelm wiſh'd only to exiſt for the happy Tellheim. The unhappy Louiſa might eventually have been over-rul'd to augment or alleviate her friend's diſtreſs. You muſt have remarked that, before the arrival of this letter, which again cancels all equality between us, how I feign'd coyneſs, only to keep up appearances.

Tell. Is it thus Louiſa?—I thank thee for not having broken the ſtaff. Thou wilt only be united to the luckleſs Tellheim! and, lo! here he ſtands.—[*In a cold tone.*]—I feel that it miſbecomes me to accept the tardy reparation; that it is more fitting not to reſume the poſt of which ſo foul a ſuſpicion deprived me. No, I will not acknowledge the letter. This ſhall be my only anſwer.—[*In act to tear the letter.*]

Lady Lou.—[*Eagerly ſtopping him.*]—What are you about, Tellheim!

Tell. Poſſeſſing thee!——

Lady Lou. Forbear!

Tell. It is irrevocably deſtroyed, if you do not otherwiſe decide. We will then examine what further you have to alledge againſt me.

Lady. Lou. How! in this ſevere tone? Then, how contemptible even to myſelf muſt I appear! No, never.—What an abject character, to owe her good fortune to a man's blindfold tenderneſs!

Tell. Falſe! radically falſe!

Lady Lou. Dare you deny your own words from my tongue!

Tell. Thou ſophiſt!—Is then the weaker ſex diſgraced by all that is unbecoming the ſtronger? Is then every thing tolerated to our ſex which is in character with yours?—Which did nature purpoſe for the other's ſupport?

Lady Lou. Compoſe yourſelf, Tellheim: I ſhall not be utterly bereft of patronage, even tho' I were to tear myſelf from thee: the needful muſt be allowed. I am announc'd to our ambaſſador: he grants me an audience to day. His excellency may poſſibly become my protector. But time flies.—Permit me, Major——

Tell. I muſt attend you, my Lady.

Lady Lou. No, indeed, Major: you muſt leave me.

Tell. Sooner ſhall your ſhadow forſake you. Be where you will, with whom you will, with ſtrangers or with friends, in your preſence will I a hundred times each day recite the ſtrong affections that bind you to me, and thro' what cruel perverſeneſs you will break theſe bonds aſunder.

SCENE X.

TRIM, *and the former.*

Trim. —[*Impetuouſly.*]—Major!—Your Honor!—Major!

Tell. Well!

Trim. Pray come!—Make haſte!—Quickly!

Tell. What is it?—Come nearer.—Say, what is the matter?

Trim. Do but hear.—[*Whiſpers him.*]

Lady Lou.

Lady Lou.—[*Aſide to Franciſca.*]—Doſt thou not notice ſomewhat?

Fran. O! thou hard-hearted one!—Here have I ſtood as on burning coals.

Tell.—[*To Trim.*]—What ſayeſt thou?—It is not poſſible.—Her!—[*Staring wildly on Lady Louiſa.*]—Speak it aloud; tell it to her face. Give ear, my Lady!

Trim. The landlord ſays that Lady Louiſa had the ring I pledg'd to him. She declar'd it belong'd to her, and refus'd to reſtore it.

Tell. Can this be fact, my Lady?—No, it cannot.

Lady Lou.—[*Smiling.*]—And why not, Tellheim! Why not true?

Tell.—[*Furious.*]—Be it then true!—A light inſufferable breaks upon me. Now do I recognize thee, thou faithleſs, thou falſe one!

Lady Lou. Who is this falſe one?

Tell. One—I can no longer name,

Lady Lou. Tellheim!

Tell. Forget my name.—You came hither to break with me, that is clear.—That chance ſhould thus delight to aid perfidy!—Chance threw your ring into your hands. Your cunning exchang'd it againſt mine.

Lady Lou. Tellheim, what phantoms haunt thee? Recover thyſelf, and hear me.

Fran. Now will ſhe be repaid.

SCENE XI.

WARNER *(with a purfe of gold,)* TELLHEIM, LADY LOUISA, FRANCISCA, TRIM.

War. Here am I again, your Honor.

Tell.—[*Without looking at him.*]—And who wants thee!

War. Here is money; a thoufand dollars!

Tell. I will not have 'em.

War. To-morrow, Major, you may command as many more.

Tell. Keep thy money.

War. Why, your Honor, it is your money. I believe you do not perceive with whom you are converfing?

Tell. Away with it, I fay.

War. Why, what ails you?—I am Warner!

Tell. Kindnefs is but diffimulation; offers of fervice, treachery.

War. Is that meant for me?

Tell. As thou wilt.

War. I have but obeyed your commands.

Tell. Obey then, and begone!

War. Major!—[*Hurt.*]—I a man!

Tell. A thing to brag on.

War. One who has bile.

Tell. Good! Bile is one of the beft things we poffefs.

War. I entreat you, dear Major!

Tell. How often fhall I repeat, I want not thy money.

War.—[*Angry.*]—Then want it who will!—[*Throws down the money, and retires afide.*]

Lady

Lady Lou. — [*To Franciſca.*] — Alas! dear Franciſca, I ſhould have followed thy advice. The joke is carried too far: tho' he has only to hear me.—[*Approaching him.*]

Fran.—[*Without anſwering Lady Louiſa, gets nearer to Warner.*]—Mr. Quartermaſter!

War.—[*Peeviſhly.*]—Away!——

Fran. Hey-day!—Out upon you men!——

Lady Lou. Tellheim! Tellheim!—[*Who bites his fingers in rage, hides his face, and will not attend.*]—No! this is too ſevere. Hear me! Thou deceiveſt thyſelf.—A mere miſconception. Wilt thou not liſten, Tellheim, to thy Louiſa? How canſt thou nouriſh ſuch a ſuſpicion? I quarrel with thee, and come hither for that purpoſe!—O! Tellheim—Tellheim!

SCENE XII.

Enter two ſervants following one another.

Firſt Servant.—My Lady; his Excellency, the Earl——

The other Servant.—He approaches, my Lady.

Fran.—[*Looking out of the window.*]—It is him!—It is him!

Lady Lou. Is it him? Oh! now quickly, Tellheim.

Tell.—[*Suddenly reſuming himſelf.*]—Who?—Who comes? Your uncle, my Lady?—This cruel uncle!—Why, let him come.—Fear nothing.—He ſhall not dare to hurt you, even by a look. He has to engage with me.—Though it is true, you have no longer any claim——

Lady

Lady Lou. Give me your hand, my Tellheim, and forget the paſt.

Tell. Ha! could I but think thou wouldſt repent.

Lady Lou. No, I cannot repent to have obtained an inſight into your whole heart. Oh! what a godlike man are you! Take thy Louiſa to thy arms: thy happy Louiſa! but in nothing happier than in thee. And now let us meet him.

Tell. Meet whom!

Lady Lou. The beſt of your unknown friends.

Tell. Whom?

Lady Lou. The Earl! my uncle—My father—Your father.—My flight—his repugnance—my diſinheritance—mark it thou not.—It is all fiction, thou credulous knight!

Tell. Fiction!—But the ring!—the ring!

Lady Lou. Where is the ring I return'd you?

Tell. You will take it again!—Then, I am bleſt! Here, Louiſa.—[*Taking it from his pocket.*]

Lady Lou. Do but firſt examine it!—Oh! who ſo blind as thoſe who wont ſee! Which ring is it then; that I had from you, or you from me? Is it not even that which I would not ſuffer to continue in the landlord's hands?

Tell. Good God!—What do I ſee!—What do I hear!

Lady Lou. Shall I retake it?—Shall I?—Come! give it me—give it me—[*Snatches it from his hand, and puts it on her finger.*]—Now is all explain'd?

Tell. Where am I?—[*Kiſſes her hand.*]—Thou malicious angel! thus to torment me!

Lady

Lady Lou. An earneſt, my love, that thou ſhalt always have a Rowland for thy Oliver. Doſt think that I have been upon a bed of roſes?

Tell. O, Comedians! I ought to have known better.

Fran. No, indeed, I am ſpoil'd for an actreſs—I have ſo ſigh'd and trembled, and been obliged to ſtop my mouth with my hand.

Lady Lou. Neither has my part been an eaſy one. But let us be preparing——

Tell. I cannot yet recover myſelf, but feel tremblingly alive, like awaking ſuddenly from a fearful dream.

Lady Lou. We trifle. I hear him coming.

SCENE XIII.

The Earl, *attended by ſervants and landlord, and the former.*

The Earl.—[*On entering.*]—You are moſt happily met.

Lady Lou.—[*Springing to meet him.*]—Oh! my father!

Earl. Here am I, deareſt Louiſa.—[*Embracing her.*]—But how, my girl!—[*perceiving Tellheim*]—Only twenty-four hours here, and already acquaintance! already company!

Lady Lou. Can you not gueſs who it may be?

Earl. What, thy Tellheim!

Lady Lou. Who elſe but him!—Approach, my Tellheim.

Earl. Sir, we never before met; but at firſt ſight I was prepoſſeſs'd, and hop'd it might be

you.

you. You poffefs my higheft efteem. My niece, my daughter, loves you.

Lady Lou. That you difcern, my father! and my love, is fhe blind?

Earl. No, Louifa, thy love is not blind; but thy lover is deaf!

Tell.—[*Throwing himfelf on his neck.*]—Let me recover myfelf, my father!

Earl. Right, my fon!—Though thy tongue be mute, thy heart is eloquent.—I am not partial to thefe regimentals—[*pointing to Tellheim's*]—but you are an honorable character, and muft in any drefs command regard.

Lady Lou. Oh! knew you but all!

Earl. And what prevents my hearing all? Where are my apartments, landlord?

Shark. Will your Excellency be pleas'd to walk this way?

Earl. Come, Louifa.—Come, Major.—[*Following the Landlord.*]

Lady Lou. Come, my Tellheim.

Tell. I follow thee inftantly, my Louifa. Only one word with this honeft fellow.

Lady Lou. And a very good word too, methinks. It is what you owe him.

[*Exit.*

SCENE XIV.

TELLHEIM, WARNER, TRIM, FRANCISCA.

Tell.—[*Pointing to the purfe Warner threw away.*]—Here, Trim, take up that purfe, and carry it to my lodging.—Go—— [*Exit Trim.*

 War.

War.—[*Who hitherto has remain'd ſilent, dejected, and ſeemingly without noticing what paſs'd.*]—So; well!——

Tell—[*Approaching him with cheerfulneſs.*]—Warner, when can I have the other thouſand piſtols?

War.—[*Inſtantly reſuming his good humour.*] To-morrow, Major; to-morrow.

Tell. I will not be thy debtor; but I wiſh to become thy ſteward. You good hearted fellows ſhould always have guardians: you are a ſpecies of prodigals. I juſt now offended thee, Warner.

War. By my honeſt ſoul, ſo you did: but I ſhould not have been ſuch a blockhead.—I now ſee clearly how things are. I deſerv'd a hundred laſhes; and I had rather receive 'em, than endure your anger, dear Major.

Tell. Anger!—[*Preſſing his hand.*]—Read in my eyes, what I cannot expreſs to thee. Ha! where is he who poſſeſſes ſo lovely a girl, and ſo tried a friend, as myſelf!—Is it not ſo, Franciſca? [*Exit Tellheim.*

SCENE XV.

WARNER, FRANCISCA.

Fra.—[*To herſelf.*]—Yes, he is, indeed, a right brave man; and one muſt not expect ſuch every day!—It muſt out!—[*Approaches Warner with fear and trembling.*]—Mr. Quartermaſter!

War. Well!—[*wiping his eyes.*]

Fra. Mr. Quartermaſter!

War. What is your pleaſure, damſel?

Fra. Do but give a look at me, Mr. Quartermaſter.

War. I cannot as yet.—I know not what's the matter with my eyes——

Fran. Bend them towards me.

War. Methinks I have already look'd too much at thee, damſel! Now then I look at thee.

Fran. Doth not the Quartermaſter want a Quartermiſtreſs?

War. Is that thy earneſt, damſel?

Fran. My hearty earneſt.

War. Wilt thou follow me campaigning?

Fran. Wherever thou wilt.

War. Verily!—Huzza, my Major!—Not ſo incomparable! Now have I at leaſt as good a girl, and as honeſt a friend, as yourſelf!—Give me thy hand, damſel—How now!—Within theſe ten years, thou ſhalt be a general's lady or a widow!—

FINIS.

JUST PUBLISHED,

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS,

FALSE SHAME;

A COMEDY,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

KOTZEBUE.